

PN
1979
S5D4

UC-NRLF



\$B 158 588

YC151504



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

The JOHN J. and HANNA M. McMANUS
MORRIS N. and CHESLEY V. YOUNG
Collection



THE GREAT SECRET
OF
SHADOW PANTOMIMES;

OR,

Harlequin in the Shades.

HOW TO GET THEM UP and HOW TO ACT THEM.

With Full and Concise Instructions, and Numerous Illustrations.

By TONY DENIER,

||

The Celebrated Comic Pantomimist,

Author of "TONY DENIER'S PARLOR PANTOMIMES," "AMATEUR'S GUIDE," &c.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
No. 122 NASSAU STREET.

[1268]

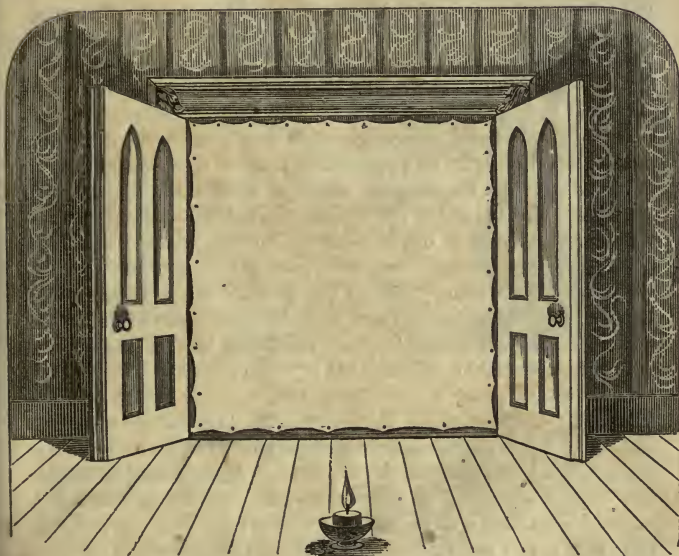
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

O. A. ROORBACH,

at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

GIFT

INTRODUCTION.



SOME fifty or sixty years ago, a Frenchman, one Monsieur Lunardi, arrived in London, with the laudable intention of "astonishing the natives," and attempting to better his worldly means and obtain a little of "*Mil or Anglais*" substance, in exchange for a sight at some novel French *shadows*. The bait took, the thing was well managed and became a great success ; and the whole population were in a furore to know "how it was done." The representations first took place at the Old Lyceum, or English Opera House, as it was then termed, and which place was in general request for the exhibition of

any and every thing pertaining to the marvelous. Here in 1803 and 1804 one Winsor exhibited and explained his propositions to light the public streets with gas ; but as Winsor's statements were considered at "that" time extravagant and Baron-Munchausenish, *Winsor* did not win sir many converts to his scheme ; and although an enlarged experiment was made by lighting up a portion of Pall Mall and the colonnade in front of Carlton Palace, it did not meet with favor, and the project was abandoned. The practice of gas lighting did not come into operation till the year 1813, when the first chartered gas company erected their works in Peter street, Westminster, London, and enlightened the darkness of the inhabitants of one of the leading cities of the world, which has been improved upon and increased from time to time, until, at the present day, the principal streets and crowded thoroughfares of all large cities are occasionally, as the play bills say, "an unparalleled blaze of refulgent light."

But to return to the shadows, which, as we have before intimated, were first exhibited at the Old Lyceum, and as the *modus operandi* and manner of carrying it out was entirely in the heads, hands, and heels of the Frenchman's own family, and as all strangers were rigidly excluded from being "behind the scenes," the *secret* was safely kept, and public excitement and curiosity consequently greatly increased. Monsieur realized a very handsome sum of money, and with this increased his *substance*, but it would appear that he was less careful of his *shadows*; for, on the exhibition being removed to Old Vauxhall Gardens, London, as the saying is, "the cat got out of the bag," and it was soon found out that the whole sum and substance of the wonderful illusion, "*Les Ombres Chinoises*," *Harlequin in the Shades*, or the "*Man in the Moon*," as he termed his performance, was and is nothing more than a clever adaptation of a very simple law in optics ; so if any of our readers wish to amuse themselves and families, and astonish their friends, they will, with the assistance of the various sketches and diagrams contained in this book, be able to accomplish the same to the satisfaction of all the company present.

Now then for the shadows. After a stage, or school-room platform, the next best adapted place for these performances is a drawing-room or parlor, where there are folding-doors, against the opening of which, on a common wooden frame [See Figure 1] tack up or fasten taut and tight a wet sheet or muslin cloth the size required, immersed before tacking up in a tub of water, and then well wrung out. Then have ready a light in a pan. This is arranged by having

a small tin cup made, about the size of a breakfast cup, to the bottom of which, inside, must be soldered a piece of twisted wire [See Figure 2] to hold some cotton to serve for a wick ; round this must



Fig. 2.

be placed some tallow (that cut from candles is best) or fat, which must be pressed down close all around, leaving about a quarter of an inch or so of the cotton sticking up, on lighting the top of which it will burn on, gradually melting the fat until it becomes the burning center of a hot pan of fat. An earthenware pan or bowl should

be filled up to about one inch of the top with sand, on or in which the fat cup should be placed. [See Fig. 3.] This is a very necessary precaution, as, should the lamp get by any means upset, the hot oil and grease would be absorbed by the sand, and save the floor and carpet of the room. (The Lighting apparatus described above can be purchased complete by applying to O. A. Roorbach, 102 Nassau St., New York.)

Having all these things in readiness, viz.: the fat pan well lighted, the sheet tightly strained to the opening of the doors, and the company of spectators being seated on one side of the wet cloth, on the other side of the same the performance is to occur, and the light is to be placed on the floor, about four or five feet from the center of the cloth ; all the other lights must be put out, and the actors ready to carry out the directions that are given to perform such pantomime or sketch as they may have selected, the effect of which will be much increased if some kind, obliging sister or cousin will play a series of lively tunes on the piano, to add "music to the mirth;" and keep the game alive. All who are not engaged in the actual performance should be particular and keep the light between them and the cloth, and in going on should go close back of the light and jump over it sideways. This, to the audience, will have the appearance of his having dropped from the ceiling, and when he has finished his part and wishes to exit, he must jump back, sideways, over the light, and he will appear to those in front to have gone up through the ceiling. If you wish to do it well, care should be taken to invariably jump over the light sideways, steadily and neatly—no hurrying or carelessness, or knocking against the light—and to stand



Fig 3.

and go through the business and pantomime as much as possible sideways or in profile. In using chairs or tables, they should be placed as close as possible to the wet cloth, without causing the person sitting down or working in front of them, to rub or bulge against the said wet sheet. Arrange everything you have to do beforehand by rehearsing, and so avoid all confusion and the least possible chance of failure. With the foregoing general directions and explanations, we will submit the outlines and substances of some shadow performances, which can be rendered very amusing and comical if done with neatness and precision, and never fail to be received with astonishment and laughter.

Respectfully submitted for your approval by the

Public's Obedient Servant,

March, 1868.

TONY DENIER.

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

SHADOW BUFF; OR, WHO'S WHO?

The only properties required in this comical, optical, guessical, quizzical, substantial extravaganza, called "Shadow Buff; or, Who's Who?" (being a *funny dodge* for an evening's entertainment) is the wet sheet and the light. N. B. In "Shadow Buff" all the little Buffers and Bufferesses, from four to fourteen, can take part, to the delight of their friends, and themselves in particular. To play the game proceed as follows: As many pieces of paper must be cut as there are persons to play—say ten—and on one of the pieces of paper must be marked, "the guesser." The papers are now placed in a hat or bag, and shaken up; then each person is to draw one, and the drawer of "the guesser" must take his or her place on the audience side of the wet cloth or screen, (while the others go to the back) and as each of the shadows of the others come in view, either by jumping over the light or coming from the side, endeavor to guess their names, they remaining long enough for "the guesser" to make three guesses at the name, and if not guessed right on the third the shadow to disappear and another take its place. If the persons are nearly of one height, and no great peculiarity of dress occurs, some difficulty will be found in always guessing "Who's who?"

NOTE.—If any ladies are to take part in this, or any other pantomime, the stage manager or director of the entertainment should be particular in making all to come on from the sides—no jumping over the light in this for ladies, young or old, so that no accident from a dress catching fire can possibly take place. Also if the ladies put on different hats or bonnets than those they are in the habit of wearing, or exchanging with one another, and the gentlemen exchange hats, coats, &c., or ruffle up their hair, or put something under their coats up near the shoulders, to make them have the appearance of being humpbacked, or stand nearer the light, which will make them look taller, or screw their faces up so their shadow will look different, or do anything that fun may suggest to alter their appearance, it will be much more difficult for the guesser to guess their names. They must come separately, one by one before the light, and if the guesser guesses any one's name rightly, he or she must take the guesser's place, and the guesser go to make one of the shadows, and so on, as in the old game of Blind Man's Buff.

THE DENTIST; OR, TOOTH-DRAWING EXTRAORDINARY.

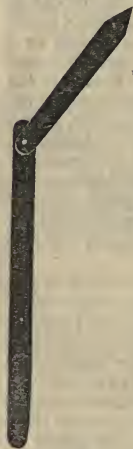
The properties needed for this laughable sketch are very easily gotten up, and consist of a profile tooth, a lancet, a pair of pincers, a false nose, a handkerchief, and a chair.

This is commenced by Actor No. 1 jumping over the light and expressing in pantomime by putting his hands to his jaws and mouth, what a dreadful bad toothache he has got, and by stamping with his feet on the floor, calling for the doctor; then let Actor No. 2 (the doctor) appear, by jumping over the light, and taking the sufferer by the chin and nose, wrench open his mouth to have a good look in; then take a handkerchief and tie up the patient's jaw, giving him now and then some good taps on the top of his head; then leaving the toothache subject to moan, groan, and twist his head and body about, let Actor No. 2 jump back over the light, and then again jump forward over the light with a chair. Let him take hold of the patient, or Actor No. 1, and put him in the chair; then untie the handkerchief that ties up the jaw, and go through any kind of rough, comic examination that tact and fun may suggest—always bearing in mind to have "method

in his madness." If the person who takes the part of the doctor finds himself equal to the task he can introduce a little quiet "patter," as the professionals call it, by saying as he examines the patient's mouth: "Oh, ah, a dreadful case, my son, an awful bad tooth; one of your grinders; a regular double-pronged molar—no cure whatever for it, twenty bottles of my wonderful and extraordinary 'Dioporeticum Bezovardicum,' or my most astonishing cure all, the renowned 'Lypapeodestiction-sorewarmer,' would not cure it. It must come out and no mistake; so, here John, bring me my No. 1 lancet." John, the assistant, (a thin tall person, if there is one among the company) now jumps over the light and presents the doctor with the lancet. [See Fig. 4] The doctor then says, "Now, John, lay hold of his head, while I lance his gums, previous to the drawing." Then he takes the wooden lancet, and rolling up his sleeves, gives it two or three flourishes, and a grotesque sharpening or edging upon the hand, as barbers do their razors. Then, with the assistance of John, who holds the patient's head back, just insert the lancet in the mouth of the patient, and appear to lance and cut the gums. Then say, "Now,

Fig. 4.

John, for the small patent plyers, or the new atmospheric extractors." John says, "Yes, sir," and jumps over the light, and instantly returns with the plyers, [See Fig. 5] which are simply two sticks of thin wood, screwed with one screw, so that they will open like a pair of scissors—the sticks of wood to be about three feet long, and one inch and a half wide—and when inserting them in



the patient's mouth, stand off at arm's length, while John fastens to the edge of the pincers, by a small loop, a large profile tooth, (a solid one is better if it can be made) made of pasteboard or thin wood. [See Fig. 6] This he can easily do as he is "pattering" about the patient's head during the operation. The profile tooth, which is at first concealed by the assistant in the folds of his dress, can, during the fun and struggle at the extricating, be masked by the hands of the patient and assistant, when at last with a jerk, out it comes, to all appearance, from the patient's mouth; when up he jumps, quite overjoyed, waves his handkerchief over his head, knocks the doctor and his man down and jumps over the light, the doctor in a fit of desperation seizes his man by the nose with the pincers, and in the struggle the nose drops off, when the doctor in terror jumps over the light and exits. The assistant gets up, rubs his nose, looks up to the ceiling, then seizing the chair, jumps over the light.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

AMPUTATION LIKE WINKING; OR, THE MARVELOUS REVIVER.

AS ACTED BY DR. DRENCH AND HIS MEN IN THE MOON.

Properties.—A light wooden table, a profile knife, a profile saw, a cup, a bottle, a galley-pot, and a profile arm. (The knife, saw, bottle, galley-pot and arm are to be cut out of stiff pasteboard or mill-board).

In this entertainment, the frame on which the wet cloth is stretched should have a piece of pasteboard or stiff brown paper fastened at each corner. They should be cut so as to give (when put on the frame) the appearance of a circle or moon.

To enact this scene, the one who personates the character of the patient must have his genuine arm (the right will be the best, fastened to his side, so that no involuntary movement may betray it; then to his shoulder must be lightly attached a pasteboard arm. [See Fig. 7.] When he jumps over the light, he should pace once or twice

backward and forward across close to the sheet, being very careful not to touch the same ; and give in pantomimic action, groaning, &c., the appearance of great pain ; then the doctor's man, John, should jump over the light with a chair, and by force seat the patient in it, and say, "Patience, my dear sir ; my master, the great Doctor Drench, will be here in the twinkling of a galley-pot." The doctor should now jump over the light, and examining the patient very roughly, exclaim, "Oh, dear, John, what's all this ? a fracture ! a flaw ! a broken arm ! Dear me, dear me, poor fellow, his right Osboxtherumgrubberumlift is severely damaged and broken." Then, taking the pasteboard arm, lift it up and down to show its broken and fractured condition, saying all the time he is doing so, "Dear me, bad case—difficult job. I plainly see I must use the *saw*. Now, John, quick, bring the table,



Fig. 7.

and get the porter to help you, as we shall want him to help to hold the patient. John says, "Yes, sir," and jumps over the light, and instantly returns with the porter, and carrying the table. This must be neatly and adroitly managed to have good effect. The table must be placed as near as possible to the light at the back, and the two characters, John and the porter, lay hold each of one end, jump regularly and together over the light, to give the proper effect. It ought to be a very light, small pine table, made for the purpose. [See Fig. 8.] When the table is over, the doctor should still go on

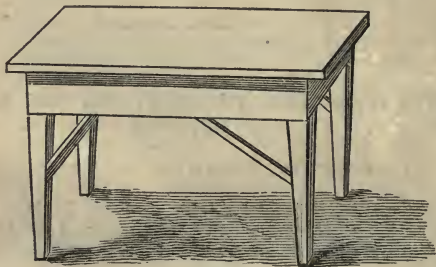


Fig. 8.

with his orders and directions, and keep the scene up by talking to the patient and ordering the assistants about, as, "Dear me, my man. how do you feel now ?" and at this the patient should moan and groan, and throw up his legs as if in agony ; then the doctor should take him by the leg, and say, "Ah ! oh ! my man, you have had some money left you lately," at which the patient should shake his head : "No, no." Then the doctor, holding up his leg, should say,

"No, no! What do you mean by no, no? when here's a good *leg-i-see* (legacy)." The doctor still goes on talking—"Now, John, bring the saw, my favorite hackemoffquick; and my large knife, the two-foot ham carver; and you, porter, go for the Chloroform-nosecerumsnifferumpainstopperum." John and the porter now jump over the light, and as quickly come back, one with a profile bottle, [See Fig. 9.] and the other with the saw and knife, [See Figs 10 and 11.] the doctor, during this, keeping up the attention of the audience in front, by his by-play, and the patient assisting in the illusion, by grunting, groaning, moaning and kicking up his heels.

"My little page, Jim, says that if he attends to these directions he'll do very well; in fact, he will act with his comrades in *toetoe*, and not put his foot in it." (N. B. These are old jokes.) The instruments, the saw, the knife, and the bottle should be placed on the table, which table should be pushed a good deal to the side, and the patient brought as much as possible to the center; then the doctor should commence by taking the profile knife, putting it between his teeth, and then tucking up his shirt sleeves; this will give quite a *manslaughtering* aspect to the affair, and have a *killing* effect. (As our Jim says that manslaughter is the same as man's-laughter.) John and the porter should also tuck up their sleeves and take their places—one behind the patient, to hold his head; the other at his side, to hold his arm, when, after some by-play by the doctor, of moving the patient's arm up and down, examining the teeth of the saw, and sharpening the knife on his hand, he should call for the cloth; this the porter must bring from the table. Then he must call for the *Chloroform-nosecerumsnifferumpainstopperum*. The porter then gets the bottle from the table and gives it to him, and he appears to pour some of its contents on the cloth, and then pass it backward and forward under the patient's nose. The patient seems to quietly doze off to sleep, and his head falls back, and then



Fig. 9.

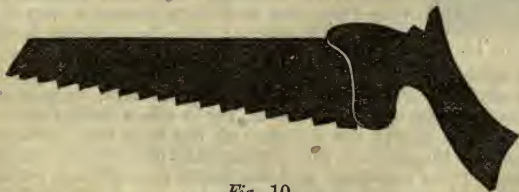


Fig. 10.

comes the final operation of taking off the arm, which must be done by the assistant holding up the profile arm, and the doctor cutting round the same with his knife; then, taking the profile saw, sawing through the bone. While this is being done, if the doctor (or any one else very sharp set) can make a noise with his

mouth like sawing wood, all would be very well, and the illusion improved. If genius of this kind is not discoverable, get some one at the side to give the effect with a real saw and a piece of wood, which *would* be much better. Behold, and see the arm is off, and held up in triumph, as a proof of the doctor's amputating skill. Then he should say "Now, John, go down into the surgery for a pot of my *Reviveremlikewinkin*, my instantaneous life-restorer." John jumps over the light for the pot. [See Fig. 12.] The doctor still goes on talking: "This instantaneous composition is the greatest invention of the age. It is made from the real Egyptian mummy dust, and was invented by a mummer or a mummy, who brought himself to life again, after being defunct sixteen thousand years. It's astonishing what it will *do*, and more astonishing still, what it won't do. I'll just tell you a story of it in connection with a pig's *tail*. Farmer Oatstraw had a pig he called Porkibus. Now Porkibus was called Porkibus because—because he wasn't called anything else; and Porkibus, as I have said before, was a pig with a curly tail. Oh, I didn't



Fig. 11.

say it before, didn't I? of course not. The tail's behind, isn't it? of course it is. Very well, then to proceed with it. You must know that when Porkibus was very young, he was so frightened by a small cross dog, that he became *curly-tailed* ever after. Now, this same curly-tailed pig met with a sad accident; one day, jumping out of his *stye* to show his *style*, his tail caught on a *hook*, while he was *hooking* it. That hook had escaped his eye, and he didn't see it, and by this sad mischance he chanced to lose his



Fig. 12.

much valued curly appendage. Now, three applications of my valuable reviver and restorer not only caused the tail to crop up again, but every morning half an ounce of pig-tail *baccy* was found growing to the end of it; in fact, as regards the *baccy*, every morning there were returns of the very finest cut, and every month a crop of half-a-dozen corkscrews; but that perhaps you'll say is a *corker*; but I really assure you I am draw-

ing it mild. So much for the pig. Now, John, where is the wonderful ointment? and now for the patient's arm, to practice my wonderful discovery." A piece of rag is taken by the doctor, and he appears to anoint the top part of the arm and shoulder, the fastening at the side of the patient that has secured the arm is loosened by the assistant, and the patient gradually works the arm out, and waves it aloft in triumph; when the four characters, patient, doctor, assistant and the porter perform a grotesque dance, and then exit over the light, the patient with the chair, the doctor with the saw, knife, bottle and pot, and the two assistants with the table, each taking hold of one end, as when they brought it on.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE ; OR, THE FRIGHTENED TRAVELER.

Properties required.—A sofa without a back, to be placed on one side near the curtain, with a sheet spread on it to give it the appearance of a bed. A lot of candles in candlesticks, two policemen's clubs, a gong, a carpet-bag, a valise, some old hats, caps, pants, tin plates, basins, &c., some live cats and dogs. A pitchfork, a pail of sawdust, a knife and lantern. A mask fastened to the end of a stick about four feet long, with a sheet tied round the neck, and to hang down over the person playing the ghost.

This is commenced by the traveler jumping over the light, with a carpet-bag in his hand, and he stumbles and falls over on to his back—a noise being made by some one outside, as of glass breaking, and noise of gong; the same person, with assistants, to stand back of the light, and throw the valise, old hats, caps, pantaloons, tin plates, basins, &c., over the light on to the traveler, simultaneously with his falling. When all the things have fallen on him, he scrambles up into a sitting position, and exclaims very innocently, "Am I all here?" At this the landlady comes on from the side and calls out to him, "Here, sir, what do you mean by breaking through my skylight *sash*?" The traveler says, "I couldn't help it; I *sashayed* through for a short cut." The landlady says, "Do you know you've broken every *pane* of glass in that window." The traveler says, very innocently, "Well, I didn't take much *pains* to do it, did I?" The landlady says, "No, sir, you did not, and you shall be made to pay for the damage you have done, and to quit this *hotel* instantly." Traveler, in astonishment, says, "What! is this a hotel? why, that is just the place I was looking for; I want a nice quiet room, where I will not be disturbed by any noises, such as quarrelsome cats and fighting dogs, for I am a very nervous young man, and want peace and quiet, and will pay you very liberally for the same, if you can accommodate me." Landlady says, very politely, "If that is the case, sir, you can be suited right here; this is the quietest hotel in the town; there is a comfortable bed, and you can go to sleep, and I will guarantee you will not be disturbed by noises or anything of the kind." Traveler says, "Very well, ma'am, I will conclude to stop here to-night, so please call me at eight o'clock in the morning, and let me have a nice breakfast." Landlady says, "Yes, sir, good night, sir," and goes off. Traveler says, "Good night," feels the bed, and says, "Now, this looks like a comfortable place; the last place I stopped at I couldn't get a wink of sleep, for dreaming of ghosts, and other things, and such horrid noises I never heard before, but I think I shall be all right here, so I'll just undress, and then to bed, to sleep—as Mrs. Macbeth says in the play. He then pulls off his coat, hat, vest, necktie, and is just going to pull off his pantaloons, when he says, "I guess I'll keep these on in case of fire." Then goes and lies down on the sofa, pulls the sheet over him, and then goes to sleep; then a person standing back of the light puts his hand over in front of the light, so as the shadow of the hand is thrown above the face of the traveler, then work

*Fig. 13.*

the fingers as if tickling his face, and withdraw the hand suddenly as the traveler wakes up in bed, slaps his face, and tosses his arms about and exclaims, "Bother these mosquitoes, they won't let a body sleep," says, "Shew," yawns, and lies down again. The person back of light puts his doubled fist over in front of light, and shadow is thrown above traveler's face, and punches him in the nose; another party back of light must clap his hands just as shadow of fist hits traveler's nose; the fist is withdrawn, and traveler wakes up, exclaiming, "Oh, my nose!" and acts as if it hurt him very much, and then lies down on his face, and sticks his back up by kneeling on his knees. Then the person back of light holds a pitchfork in front of the light, so as to throw the shadow above the traveler's back, and makes it appear as if sticking it into the traveler's back two or three times, and quickly removes the pitchfork. The traveler turns over on his back and groans very loudly, when the person back of light empties the pail of sawdust in front of light, so as the shadow of it is thrown on or above traveler's head. The traveler sits up and motions brushing the sawdust off him, and exclaims, "Here, landlady! your roof leaks, and I am wet through." Then lies down again, and groans very loudly, when the ghost with the sheet, stick and mask [See Fig. 13.] jumps over the light and walks round, and down to the foot of traveler's bed, and bends the stick over him and hits him with it and then stoops down. The traveler wakes up and pushes his hair up, looks very much frightened, and the ghost commences to raise up the stick and stands up straight, making a very

tall ghost. The traveler struggles to speak and finally exclaims, "Oh! oh! a g-g-g-ghost." When the ghost immediately jumps over the light and disappear. The traveler looks around, and feels very much relieved, and is about to lie down again, when the person back of light throws over it some cats and dogs, which are to be made to run off. Traveler sees them, and exclaims: "Oh, my! the house is haunted," and pulls the sheet up over his head and exposes his feet and lies down to sleep, when a burglar jumps over the light, with a lantern and large knife, [See Fig. 10] looks cautiously round and goes to traveler's vest, which he has placed on a chair, and takes out the traveler's watch, a large one with a chain, holds it up to show it, and then puts it in his own pocket; then goes over to the traveler, and holds up the lantern over him, looks at him, and threatens him with the knife, then catches him by the legs of his pantaloons and pulls them off, and waves them above his head in triumph, and then jumps over the light. (N. B. The traveler can have another pair of pantaloons underneath, but tied at the ankles to look like drawers.) The traveler jumps up and exclaims, "Murder! Robbery! Thieves!" jumps out of bed and then jumps over the light. The landlady runs in from the side with a lighted candle, and with her night-cap on; sees the traveler gone, and exclaims: "Here, you sir, come back and pay for your lodging," and jumps over the light in pursuit. Then a lot of ladies and gents in their night-gowns and night-caps, representing the disturbed lodgers, and with lighted candles in their hands, rush in from both sides in alarm, and exclaiming, "Robbers! Police!" and then jump over the light. Then two policemen rush in from the sides and flourish their clubs, then jump over the light. This last part must be done very quick, and will be found very laughable.

WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OPERA.

All the properties required for this sketch, are two pint champagne bottles filled with water, and with corks that may be easily drawn out with the fingers. Two policemen's clubs, coats, caps, &c. A night-cap and dressing-gown, and a large padded club, for the old gent. Two large cards, with the names of George and Frank cut out, so they will reflect plainly on the sheet.

This laughable "Bon Mot" is commenced by two young men entering simultaneously from opposite sides, and keeping close to the sheet, without touching it, and walking rather unsteadily, as if they had been out and enjoyed themselves and indulged rather too freely in a very bad habit. As they walk along they knock against each other in the center of the sheet, and both stagger back very indignantly and commence talking and menacing each other, say-

ing, "What do you mean, sir, by knocking against me in that manner?" One of these quarrelsome young gents says, "It was your fault, sir." The other says, "No, sir, it was not my fault, it was your fault." Number one says, "Sir, if you doubt my word, when I say it was your fault, sir, you insult me, sir." Number two says, "No, sir, you insulted me, and I demand the satisfaction due a gentleman. There's my card, sir." Number one takes it and says, "Very well, sir, accept mine." They exchange cards, and while looking at them hold them up, so the letters will be reflected on the sheet, and the audience able to see them. Then number one exclaims: "What! George!" Number two exclaims, "What! Frank!" Then they both throw their cards back over the light, (and they will have the appearance of having gone up in the air) and they both embrace and shake hands. Number one says: "I'm very much surprised to see you; where have you been so late?" Number two says: "Why, I have been to the opera this evening." Number one says, "Were you there? why, I was there myself; I went to see *Faust*, and liked it first-rate. But talking is dry work; suppose we take a *smile*." Number two says, "It's too late, all the public houses are shut up; but I've got a *private* bottle in my pocket, so take some of this." [*Offers bottle*] Number one says, "I've got a private bottle, too, [*Shows it*] and a novel idea with it; suppose we change bottles and drink each other's health." Number two says, "Agreed." They exchange bottles, and then touch the bottles together, and drink, and touch the bottles and drink again, and repeat it, and gradually get a little tipsy, and stagger nearer the light, alternately, and back again near the curtain. (This will make the illusion of their bodies, growing larger as they near the light and smaller as they near the curtain.) Number one says, "Hic, George, do you remember how the soldiers' chorus goes?" Number two says, "I believe you, my boy, hic," and sings a few bars of chorus, la, la, &c., then breaks into the old song, "We won't go home till morning, we won't go home till morning." Number one says, "Stop! stop! that's not it, it goes this way," and sings part of chorus, la, la, &c., and gradually breaks into, "We won't go home till morning, hic, we won't go home till morning, hic, we won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear." Then they both sing very loudly, and an old gent in dressing-gown, night-cap, and slippers, comes on from side with a lighted candle in his hand, and says, "Look here, men, if you don't go home, or somewhere else with your noise and bawling, I'll call the police, and have you both arrested and sent to the station house." They both sing louder, and the old gent calls, "Police! Police!" and they throw water from the bottles in his face, and he runs off, and they both laugh and sing still louder, when two policemen jump over and stand near the light, (this will make their shadows very tall) and hold their clubs up over the heads of the young men and threaten them, at which action, on seeing it, they appear very much frightened, and hold up their bottles to the shadows of the policemen's noses, at which they lower their clubs, as if they liked the smell, and walk

sideways, nearer to the curtain, and take the bottles from the young men, and laugh and slap the young men on the back and get very jolly, and all laugh, and the young men sing again, and the policemen keep on drinking, and finally get slightly intoxicated, and join in the singing, going nearer to the light, and then nearer the curtain again. In the height of their merriment the old gent comes on and says, "Yon won't go home till morning, won't you? I'll see if I can't help you a little." He rolls up his sleeves and goes off, and re-enters with the large club, and he swings it round and hits number one, and he jumps over the light, (which will look as if he had knocked him up in the air—to help the illusion let the old man look up after each one has gone) then hits number two, and he jumps over the light, then hits the first policeman, and he jumps over the light, then hits the second policeman, but he does not move, at which the old gent looks astonished, and hits him again, but he does not move, at which the old gent looks very angry, and wets his hands and prepares to hit the policeman harder; the policeman looking round sees this, and jumps over the light of his own will; the old gent swings the club round with great force and lets it go out of his hand and over the light. (Some person back of light must catch it to prevent the noise of its falling.) When the old gent sees the club gone he is very much astonished, and jumps over the light with his back to the sheet, and his arms and legs extended to their fullest extent. Then the young men, and the policemen, and the old gent jump forward alternately over the light, the old gent last, and all the others pummel him vigorously, and catch him by the collar and the coat-tails and lift him up and throw him over the light, and then all laugh loudly and follow.

JOCKO ; OR, THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

A COMIC SHADOW PANTOMIME.

Properties required.—A working monkey-mask for the monkey ; a nicely dressed rag baby, about three months old ; a cradle, and a low rocking chair ; a bowl of sawdust, and a large spoon ; eyeglass for the traveler, and a whip and valise or carpet-bag for the servant ; a morning-gown, split up the back in two halves, and sewn loosely together, so that it will pull apart easily again ; a chair and a table, with books, writing paper, bell, inkstand with two quill pens on it ; a basket containing a glazed muslin table-cloth ; a decanter half full of wine or ale ; a plate with some flour and water mixed like thick paste or thin dough ; a plate with a large slice of bread on it ; a table-knife ; a large earthenware bowl ; a long stick ; some short sticks ; brooms, poker, shovel, &c.

This comic pantomime is commenced by the monkey jumping over the light, and performing several antics, such as rolling over,

walking on all fours, scratching himself as monkeys do, &c.; then jumping back over the light. Then the old woman comes on from the side, with the baby in her arms, and stamps her foot and calls, when a negro servant enters with the cradle and low rocking chair, and places them for her use on one side near curtain, and goes off, and brings on a bowl of sawdust and a large spoon, and gives them to the old woman, and then he goes off, and the monkey comes on and jumps on the back of the old woman's chair, and watches her feeding the baby with the spoon from the bowl. When she has given the child two or three spoonfuls she motions it is sleeping, and carefully puts it in the cradle and rocks it to sleep, and then goes off at the side. The monkey hides himself when she gets up, and when she goes off he comes out and rocks the cradle, and tastes the sawdust, but does not like it; then takes the baby out of the cradle, and sits in the chair with it, and it is supposed to wake up and cry very loudly. (Some one at back must imitate as near as possible the child's crying.) The monkey feeds it with the spoon, then puts the bowl of sawdust over its head and stops its crying; then throws the bowl and spoon off, and rocks the baby in his arms in the rocking chair, and finally falls over backwards with the chair and the baby also, and gets up and throws the chair and cradle off at the side; then the baby cries, and he picks it up, and rolls it on the floor, jumps over it, pushes it with his foot, scratches its head, and throws it up and catches it. It is crying all the time; he knocks its head on the floor, and tries to stop its crying, but cannot; and swings it round and round, and finally throws it over the light, and then jumps over after it. The old woman enters from the side, and looks round as if in search of the child, but cannot see it; throws her arms up wildly, and screams, and then jumps over the light. Then the negro servant enters, looks up and laughs at her, motions she has gone up, and he jumps over the light. Then the monkey returns, jumping over the light, and frolics about, and finally runs off. Then a traveler jumps over the light and looks around with his eye-glass, and then claps his hands as if calling, when servant jumps over the light with the whip and the valise, and follows behind the traveler, who walks across and across, near curtain, and turns rather suddenly and knocks against the servant, and gives him a good smart slap in the face, then tells him to go to the house and knock at the door. Servant goes to side and strikes as if he was hitting the door, and old man entering at this moment, gets the third knock on his head; the servant runs back and his master kicks him, and pushes him away; then old man and the traveler go to embrace, when the servant gets in between them by accident, and they both embrace him, then see their mistakes, and both seize him and throw him over the light; then the traveler motions to the old man that he has come to marry his daughter. The old man is pleased and rubs his hands, and motions it is all right, and asks in pantomime if traveler has plenty of money. He motions that he has lots of it, and will give it to him for his daughter. Old man motions all right; he will go and fetch his daughter.

ter, and introduce her to him, and he goes off. The traveler looks pleased, and adjusts his cravat, &c. Old man enters with his daughter, and motions to her that she must marry the man who has plenty of money to give her. She bows to him, and traveler bows to her very low; while doing so, the monkey runs in, and pushes traveler with his foot, and runs off. The traveler falls forward on his face. Old man helps him up, and puts his daughter's hand in that of the traveler, and blesses them, and invites them into the house to eat. They consent, and traveler leads girl by the hand, and they follow the old man off at side. Servant jumps on over light, and motions how they threw him up in the sky, and that he has only just come down. When he is explaining the monkey comes on and bites his leg; the servant tries to kick him, but the monkey runs off and avoids it. The old man now enters, and is expressing his pleasure at the engagement he has made for his daughter. When the servant sees him he thinks it was the old man who bit his leg, and slaps him in the face, and as the old man turns the servant kicks him off at the side. The servant feels very proud of this, and strutting about, stands in center with his legs wide open, when the monkey runs through them, and upsets the servant, who gets up and pantomimes that something ran through his legs and knocked him down. Folds his arms and stands wondering what it was, when monkey runs by his legs and knocks him down again. He sits up, folds his arms and shakes his head, as if in determination not to rise up and be knocked down again, when his master enters, and seeing him on the ground, looks at him and asks in action, what he is doing there. The servant, in astonishment, gets up and accuses the master of running through his legs and knocking him down. The master shakes his head and denies the imputation, and tells the servant to go and get his loose morning-gown for him. The servant is going away to get it, when the monkey enters quickly and pulls him back by the coat-tails, until he knocks backwards up against the master, who turns and gives him a kick, and very angrily motions him to go for the dressing-gown. The servant in pain goes off, and the master motions that the servant's brains are flighty, and he is very foolish, then claps his hands as if calling servant, who slowly enters with the dressing-gown, and holds it out—and the master puts his arm carefully in one sleeve, and as he is about to put his arm in the other sleeve the monkey enters and pulls the servant back by the coat-tails and he falls in the center on the floor, and as he was holding on the gown it has split up the back, and he has half of it in his hands, and the other half is on the master's shoulders, and he is feeling with his arm for the other sleeve; the servant sees him and laughs at him, and gets up and goes and puts the other sleeve on the master's arm, as he is reaching for it, and pins it together at the back. The master walks away to the other side, and the servant laughs at him; the master hears him, and turns and looks at him angrily; the servant looks very innocently, and motions, asking what his master requires; the mas-

throws it off, and jumps on table, and throws plates and knives off, and then places his feet on each side of the neck of the bottle, and stands on the part of it that swells out, and gets up into a straight balance, and then stoops down and gets the bowl, and drinks out of it until it is empty, and then jumps off the bottle on to the table. (A few hours practice will accomplish this feat very easily, with perseverance as your motto.) Then the monkey puts the bowl on his head, like a hat, and takes up the bottle to drink, and leaning his head back, the bowl falls off his head and breaks, and he turns quickly round and looks on the floor at the damage he has done ; then the servant comes in with a long stick and strikes at the monkey as he is on the table, but the monkey jumps off and eludes him, and dodges the blows from the stick several times, and finally seizes the stick from the servant and beats him most unmercifully until he runs off. Then the monkey pushes the table, chair and other things off, to give a clear field, and waves his stick about. When the monkey has his back turned, the servant enters with a short stick, and calling on the others, who enter, they advance on the monkey to beat him, when he turns round suddenly and belabors them all, as they run around to avoid the blows, some jumping backwards and forwards over the light as they get struck, and some falling down, and all getting a very severe beating from the monkey's indiscriminate blows. In the height of the melee, when the laughter is the loudest, suddenly shut out the light at back, and turn up the lights in the audience part of the room. This will have the effect as of a sudden falling of the curtain on a laughable tableau.

NOTE.—The long stick mentioned can be made of five or six canes or rattans tied together, and about six feet long. This, when striking on a person, will make a loud noise, but will not hurt. The person playing the monkey can wear almost any tight-fitting dress, and a monkey-mask with a moveable jaw, which can be purchased by addressing the publisher, O. A. Roorbach, 102 Nassau St., New York, or the costumes, properties, &c., can be procured of Tony Denier, who personally superintends the production of all styles of parlor and school entertainments, or out-door fêtes, and furnishes, if required, all the necessary concomitants to render them complete. See Tony Denier's book on *Tableau Vivants* for the Parlor, which can be had by addressing the publisher.

THE MADCAP BARBER ; OR, THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.

“ INTREMEDE COMIQUE.”

Accessories needed.—A barber's pole, cut out of stiff pasteboard, a sign, with the letters cut out to read, Frizzle, Barber, to be made out of stiff pasteboard, a newspaper, a large bell to ring, some carpet-bags and satchels, valises, coats, shawls and bundles for travelers, a

bandbox, a satchel with crockery ware in it to break, a chair ready back of light, a long cloth such as barbers use when cutting hair, a large bowl of thick lather, and a large brush, a large wooden razor, a leather strap about three inches wide and a yard long, with a strong cord loop on one end, to go over a man's head.

The round circle is used the same as in the amputation extraordinary, with the barber pole fastened on one side [See Fig. 14] and sign on the other side, [See Fig. 15] and is commenced by the barber (in a comical dress and apron, and a wig, with the hair standing up very straight) jump-




FRIZZLE
BARBER.

Fig. 15.

ing over the light and exclaiming, "Well, here I am, the great barber extraordinary to the man in the moon; I've shaved his royal highness for the fortieth time to-day, and now have nothing to do, and I am so anxious for another job, to try as an experiment my new patent double-edged razor, that cuts both ways at once, and shaves you before you have hardly sat down in the chair; I only wish that some verdant visitor would only arrive here, that I might test the powers of my new invention. It's astonishing that we have no more visitors in this lunary sphere of ours—by ours, I mean the man in the moon and myself; in these days of telegraphs under the sea, and railroads under the earth, it astonishes me that no one builds a railroad in the air. It's a well-known fact that the moon is inhabited, and why don't some enterprising Yankee come here and start business, or why don't the Government buy us out, now they're in that business—by-the-bye, the last sublunary *Tribune* that I captured off the tail of a little boy's kite, as it flew up near the moon, informed me that an ærial railroad was to be built to the moon, and was to be finished on the fourth of July, 1968—that is this very year, and this the very day; I'll read the paper and see if I am correct." Goes and gets the newspaper, says, "Oh, here it is," and reads: "Shares in the great ærial railroad for sale; price twenty-five dollars each share, and no greenbacks taken. This road will be completed to the moon, July fourth, 1968, and will open up a large field to the industrious young men of both sexes, and offering extra inducements to the pleasure-seeking traveler, and new explorations for the adventure-seeker. Fare as low as by any other route. N. B. Beware of bogus balloon swindles. "That's it, and hark,

in the far-away distance I think I hear the bell of some snorting engine on its way hither ; yes, that's it, (some one outside rings bell and imitates cars) and by the shouts, loaded with passengers. Now, Frizzle, my boy, keep a sharp look out, and your fortune's made." A bell rings in the distance, in imitation of the arrival of a train of cars, with shouts of hackmen, porters, &c., when passengers enter and cross from side to side with bags, baggage, &c.; he importunes each one to get shaved, but they all refuse, and go off at other side, when a tall country Yankee, in the well-known costume of bell-crowned hat, long-tailed coat, short-legged pantaloons, with straps, a frilled shirt and standing collar, large necktie, a full curly wig, and a tight cap underneath, to look like a bald head ; he carries a bandbox and a satchel when he enters, and as barber is walking across in despair, at not getting any customers, he and the Yankee knock together in center, and both fall, when Yankee exclaims, "Confound your picter ; is this the first salute I get for all my trouble in coming to your outlandish country ? Say, (he gets up) what do you mean ; if it's fighting you want, get up again and I'll knock you down quick'rn greased lightning ?" The barber shakes his head, and in action apologizes, when the Yankee says, "Well, as you apologize, I'm satisfied ; so get up here, and let's be friends, for it's not my country fashion when a man's down to keep him down, but try and help him up, so give us your fin and let's have a confabulation." Takes barber's hand, and pulls him up, and says, "I say, lookee here ; is this the moon I've hear'n tell of ?" Barber says, "Yes, sir ; this is the only original moon." Yankee says, "Well, then I suppose I'm all right ; I bought a through ticket on the new aerial railroad, and am right glad I am here at last, as I came here with the intention to civilize you *lunartics*, and if I like your country, why I'll buy you out, bag and baggage. Now tell us who you are, and how we can trade jack-knives together." The barber says, "I am the great Frizzle, seventh son of a seventh son, and barber extraordinary to his serene highness, the man in the moon, whom I shave forty times every day, and still—like Alexander—I sigh for more beards to mow off. I am the only inventor of a new patent hair rejuvenator, also the world-astonishing two-edged razor, that will shave a man on both sides of his face at once, and comb his hair and brush his whiskers at the same time, by an ingenious contrivance in the handle ; and if you should require anything of the kind done, I shall be pleased and happy to show you my new invention, and put to practical test its wonderful powers on your handsome face." Yankee says, "Say, old Frizzle, if your razor comes anywhere near your double-action tongue, I'd like to see it, and give you a job, as I like to encourage native talent in every way. So here, take my valise." The barber takes it, and throws it off at one side, and as it is filled with broken crockery ware it makes a great noise as it falls. Yankee says, "Lookee here, barber ; can't you manage to be a little more careless ? that valise has got a magnificent set of china ornaments that I bought as a present for my *Mehitable Ann*, and I don't want 'em broke." Barber mo-

tions it is all right, and jumps over the light. Yankee looks up after him and says, "Well, jewillikins, this is the strangest country I've ever been in; I wonder where he has gone to? I guess he must have gone in the attic room." Then he looks up and calls out, "Hi, barber!" The barber at back of light says, "All, right, sir, be down in one minute." The Yankee laughs heartily, and barber jumps over the light in front of the Yankee, who is very much astonished at his sudden appearance. Barber bows, and motions Yankee to sit in the chair, and as he goes to sit in it, barber picks up the bandbox, and puts it on the seat of the chair, and Yankee sits down on it and crushes it, then jumps up and shows the bandbox all crushed, and says to the barber, "There's another ten-dollar hat gone to thunder; by Jingo, I won't stand this." Barber says, "Well, sit down, then," and seizes him and pushes him down in the chair; then takes the bandbox and throws it over the light, and jumps over after it. The Yankee, bewildered and in astonishment, says, "Well, they do say that when you're in Rome you must do as the Romans do, so I suppose now I've got to the moon, I must do as the moonies do, so I'll resign myself to my fate, and then take the first train back to Pumpkinville, marry Mehitable Ann, and settle down to a quiet life, and never more go roaming. Barber now jumps over the light with a long cloth which he shakes in the Yankee's face, who waves his hands about to keep it from his eyes, and calls out, "Look here; flip that there rag of your'n some other way, will you?" Barber then takes cloth, and putting it in front of him, ties the ends at the back of his neck, and pulls them very tight. When the Yankee struggles with his hands and feet moving, and calls out, "Oh! oh! you're choking me." The barber laughs at him and pushes him down in the chair again, and then jumps over the light. The Yankee looks after him in astonishment, and the barber immediately jumps over the light with a large bowl of lather and a very large brush, a large wooden razor, [See Fig. 16] a wide strap about a yard long, with a



Fig 16.

strong cord loop at one end, to go over a man's head. He puts the things down on the floor, and the Yankee looks at them, wondering what he is going to do with them, when the barber says, "Ah, now, illustrious stranger, I'll show you how we manipulate our customers when performing the grand and sublime art tonsorial." Yankee says, "Lookee here, you, I don't want none of your foreign fandangoes; I only want shaving. Barber says, "All right, my worthy

sir ; I will just sharpen my wonderful razor, and then you shall see what you shall see—your face cleanly shaved, your teeth cleaned, and your hair nicely shampooed, in the short space of the winking of an elephant's eyelid. So just put this over your head." He puts the loop of strap over his head, and says, "This, you see, is my new invention—the flexible razor-stop. You will admire its action as soon as you see it used ; and this is my wonderful razor." He takes up the large razor, and shows it to the Yankee, who starts up, as he deliberately opens it, and exclaims, "Here ! I don't want shaving with that murderous weapon. Why, if your hand should slip, you would cut my head off my shoulders. I tell you I don't want to be shaved—I want to go home !" Barber pushes him down in the chair, and then seizes one end of strap, and commences to rub the blade of the razor backwards and forwards, near to Yankee's face, and finally hits Yankee in face with the razor, and he falls over backwards, with the chair, on to the floor, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm cut. Oh, dear ; oh, dear." The barber drops razor, and puts the chair up again, and seizes Yankee at back under his arms and jumps him over the back of chair, into seat of chair again, and then gets the bowl of lather, and stirs it up, and shows the large brush. The Yankee looks at it in astonishment, with his mouth wide open, when the barber puts the brush in his face, and he gets the lather in his mouth and coughs and splutters over it very much, when a lady enters from opposite side and taps the barber on his shoulder at back, as if going to ask him a question, when the barber suddenly turns and dabs the brush in her face, and she screams and runs off. The barber laughs and imitates her screaming. The Yankee sees it and laughs very hearty, and as he is laughing the barber dabs the brush in his face again, and lathers him all over his face and head, when a lame man with a large hump on his back, and stooping very much, comes in to get shaved. He goes to barber and taps him on the shoulder, and the barber turns and dabs brush in his face, and as he turns to go off dabs the brush on him several times until he runs off, then barber laughs and finishes lathering the Yankee, and puts the bowl and brush off, and then with the large razor commences to shave him, and scrapes the lather off his face with the razor, and wipes the razor on the knees of the Yankee's pantaloons, which the Yankee sees, and call out : "Here ! what are you doing ? Do you know you'll spile my best Sunday go-to-meeting pants ? Just you wipe your darned stuff on some other place, will yer ?" The barber laughs, and then seizes him again and goes on scraping off the lather, and as Yankee puts up his foot, the barber is looking for some place to wipe his razor, and seeing the Yankee's foot up he wipes the razor on the sole of his boot. The Yankee all the time he is getting this rough treatment is trying to get up, but the barber pushes him down each time into the chair, and goes on with the action of shaving him and flourishing the razor about, which still frightens the Yankee very much. The barber then dances around and shaves him very rapidly, and finally jumps up, standing on the Yankee's knees, and, in numerous grotesque positions, goes on

with the shaving ; then gets off, and while doing so, he seizes the Yankee's wig and pulls it off and holds it up in triumph, leaving the Yankee with a bald head, who immediately claps his hands to his head, is astonished when he feels he has no hair on, and threatens and pursues the barber, who, to avoid him, jumps over the light, and the Yankee follows.

N. B.—If it is required to perform two or three of these pieces in order to constitute a full evening's entertainment, it will be well immediately one is finished, to place something in front of the light to keep it from shining on the sheet, and during this clear away the properties, &c., used in the last piece, and place those needed in the following one in their places ready for use ; then remove the shade from the front of the light, and let some one in a loud clear voice announce the name of the next performance, so that all may hear it, and their attention drawn to the performance.

CRIBBAGE ; OR, THE DEVIL AMONG THE CARDS.

The articles called for in this amusing sketch are : A small light round table, two chairs, a false nose for the landlord, an apron and a large watch and chain, a table-cloth, two tin plates, knives and forks, two tin cups, a mug of beer, a tin dish with an imitation leg of mutton on it, a loaf of bread, &c., a whip for first traveler, a door knocker fixed at back of light, for travelers to use before entering, a pack of cards about a foot long and seven inches wide, with all the cards that are mentioned in the game cut out so that the characters will show on the curtain when they are held up between the light, a demon mask with horns for the youth performing the character, and a large inflated bladder tied on to a short stick.

At the commencement, and as soon as the light is thrown on the sheet, the landlord, a very stout man with a large false nose, and dressed like an English landlord of a country inn, in his shirt sleeves and with an apron on, jumps over the light and stretches himself and yawns very loud, and says : " Bless me, I declare I've been to sleep ; I wonder what time it is ? " and he pulls out a large watch, looks at it, and holds it up to his ear, then looks at it in great astonishment, and says, " Nearly ten o'clock, by jingo, and not a customer from the road this blessed evening ; " puts his watch in his pocket, and looks up, and calls out : " John, why haven't you lit the lamps on the road this evening ? I declare that fellow has so little to do that it makes him lazy to think about it. You John ! light up that gas directly, and then look sharp and brighten things up a bit, and if there's no more customers to the Black Bull in less than an hour, we'll close up the hotel and go bed. John, on the outside, says, lazily, " All right, sir. I be very tired. " Landlord says, " Now did you ever hear of such a thing ? he says he's very

sir ; I will just sharpen my wonderful razor, and then you shall see what you shall see—your face cleanly shaved, your teeth cleaned, and your hair nicely shampooed, in the short space of the winking of an elephant's eyelid. So just put this over your head." He puts the loop of strap over his head, and says, "This, you see, is my new invention—the flexible razor-strop. You will admire its action as soon as you see it used ; and this is my wonderful razor." He takes up the large razor, and shows it to the Yankee, who starts up, as he deliberately opens it, and exclaims, "Here ! I don't want shaving with that murderous weapon. Why, if your hand should slip, you would cut my head off my shoulders. I tell you I don't want to be shaved—I want to go home !" Barber pushes him down in the chair, and then seizes one end of strap, and commences to rub the blade of the razor backwards and forwards, near to Yankee's face, and finally hits Yankee in face with the razor, and he falls over backwards, with the chair, on to the floor, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm cut. Oh, dear ; oh, dear." The barber drops razor, and puts the chair up again, and seizes Yankee at back under his arms and jumps him over the back of chair, into seat of chair again, and then gets the bowl of lather, and stirs it up, and shows the large brush. The Yankee looks at it in astonishment, with his mouth wide open, when the barber puts the brush in his face, and he gets the lather in his mouth and coughs and splutters over it very much, when a lady enters from opposite side and taps the barber on his shoulder at back, as if going to ask him a question, when the barber suddenly turns and dabs the brush in her face, and she screams and runs off. The barber laughs and imitates her screaming. The Yankee sees it and laughs very hearty, and as he is laughing the barber dabs the brush in his face again, and lathers him all over his face and head, when a lame man with a large hump on his back, and stooping very much, comes in to get shaved. He goes to barber and taps him on the shoulder, and the barber turns and dabs brush in his face, and as he turns to go off dabs the brush on him several times until he runs off, then barber laughs and finishes lathering the Yankee, and puts the bowl and brush off, and then with the large razor commences to shave him, and scrapes the lather off his face with the razor, and wipes the razor on the knees of the Yankee's pantaloons, which the Yankee sees, and call out : "Here ! what are you doing ? Do you know you'll spile my best Sunday go-to-meeting pants ? Just you wipe your darned stuff on some other place, will yer ?" The barber laughs, and then seizes him again and goes on scraping off the lather, and as Yankee puts up his foot, the barber is looking for some place to wipe his razor, and seeing the Yankee's foot up he wipes the razor on the sole of his boot. The Yankee all the time he is getting this rough treatment is trying to get up, but the barber pushes him down each time into the chair, and goes on with the action of shaving him and flourishing the razor about, which still frightens the Yankee very much. The barber then dances around and shaves him very rapidly, and finally jumps up, standing on the Yankee's knees, and, in numerous grotesque positions, goes on

with the shaving ; then gets off, and while doing so, he seizes the Yankee's wig and pulls it off and holds it up in triumph, leaving the Yankee with a bald head, who immediately claps his hands to his head, is astonished when he feels he has no hair on, and threatens and pursues the barber, who, to avoid him, jumps over the light, and the Yankee follows.

N. B.—If it is required to perform two or three of these pieces in order to constitute a full evening's entertainment, it will be well immediately one is finished, to place something in front of the light to keep it from shining on the sheet, and during this clear away the properties, &c., used in the last piece, and place those needed in the following one in their places ready for use ; then remove the shade from the front of the light, and let some one in a loud clear voice announce the name of the next performance, so that all may hear it, and their attention drawn to the performance.

CRIBBAGE ; OR, THE DEVIL AMONG THE CARDS.

The articles called for in this amusing sketch are : A small light round table, two chairs, a false nose for the landlord, an apron and a large watch and chain, a table-cloth, two tin plates, knives and forks, two tin cups, a mug of beer, a tin dish with an imitation leg of mutton on it, a loaf of bread, &c., a whip for first traveler, a door knocker fixed at back of light, for travelers to use before entering, a pack of cards about a foot long and seven inches wide, with all the cards that are mentioned in the game cut out so that the characters will show on the curtain when they are held up between the light, a demon mask with horns for the youth performing the character, and a large inflated bladder tied on to a short stick.

At the commencement, and as soon as the light is thrown on the sheet, the landlord, a very stout man with a large false nose, and dressed like an English landlord of a country inn, in his shirt sleeves and with an apron on, jumps over the light and stretches himself and yawns very loud, and says : " Bless me, I declare I've been to sleep ; I wonder what time it is ? " and he pulls out a large watch, looks at it, and holds it up to his ear, then looks at it in great astonishment, and says, " Nearly ten o'clock, by jingo, and not a customer from the road this blessed evening ; " puts his watch in his pocket, and looks up, and calls out : " John, why haven't you lit the lamps on the road this evening ? I declare that fellow has so little to do that it makes him lazy to think about it. You John ! light up that gas directly, and then look sharp and brighten things up a bit, and if there's no more customers to the Black Bull in less than an hour, we'll close up the hotel and go bed. John, on the outside, says, lazily, " All right, sir. I be very tired. " Landlord says, " Now did you ever hear of such a thing ? he says he's very

tired, and I declare we haven't had a customer in twenty-four hours, and the last one we did have ran away without paying his bills, and declared that the house was tenanted with goblins, fiends and devils, and I suppose by this time he has spread the report around the country, and the former good reputation of my house will be ruined; well, as the old song says 'Grieving's a folly, I hate melancholy,' so what's the odds so long as you're happy? let's enjoy ourselves while we may, so John bring in the table and chairs and let me have my supper right away, and then we will lock up the house and be off to bed." John jumps over the light, and says: "Did you call me, sir?" Landlord says: "Did I call you? to be sure I did, and loud enough to wake up the seven sleepers; so wake up, you lazy rascal, and make haste and get my supper ready; now, then, go get the table." John says: "Am I to do it all alone by myself?" Landlord says: "No, you lazy lout, I'll help you," and he kicks John behind, and he jumps over the light, at which the landlord laughs and says: "That is the quickest move he's made for many a day, ha! ha! ha! but I must go and look after him, or else he will fall asleep again before he comes down stairs; so here goes;" and the landlord jumps over the light, then landlord and John jump over the light with a small round table, and place it in the center of the sheet; then each jump over again, and bring on a chair, and place them on each side of the table; then landlord jumps over the light and jumps back again, and brings on a table-cloth and spreads it over the table, and John jumps over the light and returns with tin dishes, cups, plates and one dish with an imitation joint of meat on it, and a loaf of bread, knives, &c., then gets a mug of beer and places it on table; landlord sits down and is going to eat, and says, "I never could enjoy a meal all by myself. I must have company, so John, just you sit down and try and keep awake, and you can take your supper with me" John says, "Thankee, sir," and sits down on one side of table and the landlord on the other; they cut bread and are about to enjoy themselves, just going to eat, when a loud knocking and calling for landlord is heard as if at door outside. Landlord says: "John, go and open the door and see who it is." John drops his bread very reluctantly, and jumps over the light; landlord says, "Ah! now I shall have a good customer surely at this time of night, and I hope a jolly companion to supper;" rubs his hands and looks at his watch, and says, "past eleven o'clock—why, how the time flies." Then John jumps over the light, followed by the traveler, who says: "How do you do, landlord? can I have a bed and a nice hot supper here?" Landlord says: "Certainly, sir, certainly. John, show the gentleman to a seat at the table, and you can wait for awhile." John shows the traveler to his seat, and as he sits down he threatens him, and goes and stands back of the landlord's chair. The traveler throws off his coat and hat and takes his seat, and says: "It's a very cold evening, and I am glad to get in here where it is warm, and also to see you have a nice hot supper ready, and I assure you that I *mean* to do justice to it." John says (*aside*): "Yes, you

look mean enough to do anything." The landlord bows very obsequiously to the traveler, and says: "I am pleased to see you, sir, and am happy to welcome you to the Black Bull, the finest inn for fifty miles, where you will find the softest of beds, the choicest of wines and liquors, and in the way of eatables, the very best the market affords, and served up in the most tempting style by polite and attentive waiters, and all the aforesaid at the most reasonable rates." Traveler says: "This fellow seems to be gifted with plenty of tongue, and I think will serve to beguile the tediousness of an hour or two, so I'll invite him to take supper with me," and says, "Landlord, I am very sorry to have disturbed you while at your supper, and in order to make amends for the interruption, why, suppose you keep me company, and we'll drink to our better acquaintance." John says (*aside*): "He don't seem sorry for me a bit." Landlord says to traveler: "With pleasure, sir, with pleasure. I am never so happy as when I am obliging my customers, and eating and drinking with them in a friendly manner." John says (*aside*): "Yes and at their expense." Landlord pours out beer in the cups, and the traveler and landlord both lift up their cups and knock them together, and rise up as if to drink a toast, when a loud knocking is heard outside, and landlord and traveler both put their cups down and fall into their seats as if half frightened. John laughs at them; the knocking is continued, and John at one side, back of landlord, pretends to be asleep; landlord calls out, "John! John! confound that fellow," and gets up, turns around, and sees John asleep; he kicks him behind and he jumps over the light, and landlord calls out: "Go and see who that is knocking at the door." Landlord sits down again, and says to traveler: "That servant of mine is the sleepest and laziest fellow I ever had; he can never do anything without making some blunder or other, that he nearly drives me crazy; but let us drink and enjoy ourselves." They are about to drink, when John suddenly jumps over the light, very much out of breath, and stops them from drinking. Landlord says to him: "Well, who is it?" John says: "A traveler who wants to get some supper, and also to stop here all night, sir." Landlord says: "Well, why didn't you let him in?" John says: "You never told me to, you only told me to go and see who it was." Landlord, enraged, throws beer in his face, and says: "Well, now go and let him in, and look after his horse. John sobs, and says: "He aint got no horse." Landlord says: "Well, what has he got?" John says: "He's got an animal like you, sir." Landlord says: "Like me, what's that?" John laughs, and says: "A donkey, sir," and jumps quickly over the light, as the landlord makes a motion as if to throw a plate at him; then landlord sits down, and pours out more beer in cups, and he and the first traveler are going to drink, when second traveler jumps over the light, and says: "Excuse me, gents, for disturbing your feast, but I am on a traveling tour to a far distant city, and as it is getting on for twelve o'clock, and my full-blooded animal is tired and jaded, I concluded to stop at this comfortable

looking hotel, in quest of rest and refreshment, and am delighted to find such pleasant company here, and hope that you will have no objections to letting me join you in a friendly way." First traveler says: "Not in the least, my dear sir, but shall feel honored by the pleasure of your company. Here, Boniface, jump up and let this gentleman have your seat, and you can retire to your larder and enjoy yourself in the company of your lot of a servant. Landlord gets up, and says: "Certainly; very well, gentlemen, but please to observe to be very quiet, as it is now nearly twelve o'clock, and I make it a rule to close my house precisely at twelve o'clock every night; so, gentlemen, I will wish you a very good night. Both travelers say, "Good night," and the landlord jumps over the light. The second traveler takes the landlord's vacant chair, and sits by table, and rubs his hands. The first traveler says: "You have had a rough ride to-night." Second traveler says: "Yes, sir; and a very cold one too. I am a lawyer, on my way to the next town to try a very important case, and I shall have to start with the rising sun to-morrow; so let's drink to each other and be merry for the short time we shall be in each other's company. They lift up their cups and knock them together, and are about to drink, when a boy jumps over the light, dressed in a tight-fitting suit, with a tail and a large demon mask, with horns on his head. He gets on table, and frightens the travelers, who drop their cups, and demon jumps off the table, and hides underneath it. Both travelers look on table for him, and as they do not see him they laugh at one another for being frightened, and as they go to drink again, the demon touches them on the shoulders, and they turn away to look, and the demon catches the four corners of the table cloth and lifts it up with all the things in it, and jumps over the light with it. The travelers look round and see the things gone, and both sit down again and look at the empty table in astonishment; both turn and sigh, and are about to lean their arms on the table, when the demon jumps over the light and lifts the table away, and jumps over the light with it, and as travelers go to lean on table they both fall, and get up and discover that the table is gone, and are both very much bewildered, and, then recovering themselves a little, say: "Let's sit down," and as they go to sit, the demon jumps over the light and steals the two chairs, and jumps over the light with them, and the travelers go to sit and fall on the floor, and both look astonished at each other, and turn and both laugh heartily. First traveler says: "This place must be bewitched; first we lose our supper, then the table that contained it, and now we lose our seats, without a chance of contesting them; what shall we do now?" Second traveler says: "If we had a pack of cards now we might have a little game before we go to bed." First traveler says: "Why, it's past twelve o'clock, and I never like to play after twelve, and I have often heard that the old boy himself watches and directs every game after that time." The second traveler laughs, and says: "All a grandmother's story. I'm a lawyer and care not for man

nor demon, and I only wish we had a pack of cards and we'd soon test the truth of what you say." First traveler says: "Well, as you seem so anxious, why I wish we had the cards for one game;" as soon as they have said this, the demon jumps over the light with a large pack of cards, (with the spots and characters cut out, so that on being held up between the light and the sheet they will show to the audience what they are) and he drops them in between the two travelers and jumps over the light again. First traveler turns and looks down and sees the pack of cards, and says: "Why, bless me, I am surprised; it seems as if our very wishes were heard and answered; for look, here is a pack of cards, all ready to our hands, and we can now enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content; what say you?" Second traveler says: "What say I! why, that I am very much and very agreeably astonished; and now that we have the cards, what game shall we play?" First traveler says: "Let's play at draw poker or seven up. Second traveler says: "No, let us play at cribbage, there is no game so interesting as cribbage." First traveler says: "Well, as you like, cribbage it shall be; now whose deal is it?" Second traveler says: "Let us cut for deal, and low to deal first;" then he takes the cards, and, after shuffling them a little, puts them down in center between them, and first traveler takes a card and shows it is a five, and says: "Mine is a five." Second traveler lifts up and shows a ten-spot, and says: "And mine's a ten; so you deal away." First traveler shuffles the cards again, and offers them to second traveler, who cuts them, then first traveler deals out five cards each, (*all spot cards*) then turns up one from the pack, and shows it is a jack, and puts it down, and says: "I take one for his nob;" at this the demon jumps over the light, with the bladder on the stick, and hits him on the head with it; then second traveler says: "And I take two for his heels," and the demon jumps over to him and hits him twice with the bladder; then each accuse the other of hitting him; then finally beg each others' pardon, and say: "Let's go on with the game;" then first traveler plays a ten, and second traveler plays a five, and says: "Fifteen two," and the demon hits each one once on the back, and goes off. First traveler says: "Some one hit me on the back; I do not like this, and shall get angry directly." Second traveler says: "Some one hit me also, and I do not like it. I think that landlord is playing us some tricks, but if I catch him I will teach him not to play tricks on travelers; but never mind, we will watch and wait, and we shall surely catch him; so now let's go on with the game; it is my play, and I play a five, and take two for a pair;" as he says this the demon gives him two smart raps, and then disappears. He says: "Look here, landlord, if this thing occurs again, we will both leave your house directly." Then second traveler plays a nine-spot. First traveler says he cannot go. Then second traveler says: "I take one for a go." Demon runs in and hits him and disappears, and the traveler threatens off, as if threatening landlord. Second traveler says to first: "What have you got?" First traveler counts, and has two fives and a ten;

and counts, fifteen two, fifteen four, and a pair, making the total count six. The demon appears at back of him, and he threatens him and disappears. Second traveler says: "Now I take my hand," and shows his cards, and has eight, nine and five, and the jack on the pack, all together counting two, as the eight and nine are of no use with the five; as he counts the two the demon appears at his back and threatens him, and disappears again. Second traveler says: "Now, whose crib is it?" The first traveler says: "It is mine." The crib can be all blank cards if preferred to save trouble; and he counts fifteen two, a pair is four, and one for his nob is five; as he says this, the demon jumps in center and beats each one with the bladder, and they see him and are very scared and call out landlord; John and the landlord jump over the light, and the demon beats all four indiscriminately round about the stage and as he hits each one a very hard knock, they jump over the light after each other, and the demon follows. Out of the five cards dealt out, each throw out two cards, and that will make the discard or crib.

BLONDIN ON THE TIGHT-ROPE; OR, THE LOVERS' STRATAGEM.

The articles required for this laughable, and, to the audience, very extraordinary illusion, are very simple and easily procurable, viz.: An imitation tight-rope, which is made by a long plank, about two inches thick, and about eight or ten inches wide, and long enough to reach two or three feet beyond the sheet on each side to where the stools are placed. At the commencement the plank is on the floor, and when they come to put up the tight-rope, they merely raise it up on the stools, and it will only throw a shadow on the sheet like a rope; two carpenters' trussels or stools, one about two feet six inches high and the other about four feet high, so as to give an incline to the rope or plank; a short pole, about three or four feet long; a small wheelbarrow, as used by boys; a muslin bag as described, about three feet long, and twenty-two inches wide, with arm-holes; an Irishman's coat, hat, stick and short pipe; a large pair of whiskers for Dennis; a dressing-gown and smoking-cap for Charles; a large pair of indian clubs, or they can be imitation ones padded; a large paper, with seal like a marriage contract; a large piece of wood, or half a brick, to look and be used like a piece of chalk to chalk the rope; a newspaper, with the advertisement written in it; and a large pair of spectacles or eye-glasses.

NOTE.—Do not forget that all the action must be done as much as possible sideways or in profile, or it will not be seen.

Immediately the lights are down in front, and the sheet is brilliantly illuminated from the back, then Mr. Blownhard (a stout, portly old gentleman) enters from one side and his daughter from

the other, he says to her : " Good morning, Seraphina ; have you taken your morning exercise yet ? You know you must not neglect it, as I want you to become robust and healthy as I am at the present moment ; here am I seventy-four years of age and as hearty as a young man of eighteen, and all by taking my regular gymnastic exercise. Ah, there is nothing like it ; and I am glad to see that the parents of the present day are wise in sending their sons and daughters to the gymnasium, where they can expand their chests, harden their muscles, and invigorate the system generally. And mark my words, Seraphina, that I have concluded never to marry you to any but a gymnastic artist, a man who is perfect in limb and form, no matter what his facial beauty may be ; so make up your mind to what I say, and go and practice with the twenty-four pound Indian clubs that I had made expressly for your use." Seraphina says : " Oh, father, they are too heavy, and I have my piano lesson to study, and my French dancing-master will soon be here, and then I shall have to take my dancing lesson." Mr. Blowhard says : " Piano fiddlesticks ! better learn to play on the wash-board ; and as for dancing, you will learn that quick enough ; so I am determined that you shall practice your gymnastics before anything else. So I will go and get the clubs for you, and while you are using them, I will go and get my morning cup of coffee, and then come and see how you are getting along ; and he goes off and brings on two large Indian clubs, (the same as are used in a gymnasium) and says : " There they are ; and now, Seraphina, just throw them around your head a while, and I will soon return." Then he goes off at side. Seraphina tries to lift up the clubs, and says : " I cannot do it, they are too heavy ; and I think papa is very unkind to expect me to practice with these heavy things. I am sure I am healthy enough without this nonsense. I only hope that my dear Charles will return from California with plenty of money, so that he can come and marry me, and then I am sure I will never touch these nasty clubs again." She tries to use them, but cannot, and says : " It's no use, I cannot ; so I will go down to the piano, and practice that love of a waltz I received the other day, and papa may practice his old clubs by himself ;" and she goes off the other side. Then Mr. Blowhard comes on from opposite, saying : " Seraphina, have you had a good exercise with the clubs?" and looks round, but cannot see her, and says : " I suppose she has got tired and has gone to sit down. Oh, if these children only knew the benefits to be derived from muscular exercise they would not mind the slight exertion of swinging these clubs about for a few hours ; but I know it is the best thing they can do ; so I will take my regular morning practice, and then go to my study, and attempt to discover how long it is possible for a man to stand on his head without getting water on the brain." He takes up the clubs, and swings them vigorously around and over his head, and then puts them down, and says : " I will now go to my study, and practice my new feat, that will astonish the world, and eclipse the fame of the renowned Blondin. Ah ! wonderful, fearless, intrepid Blondin,

the hero of Niagara Falls! How I long to see him come to this part of the country. I am so proud of him and his superior talents, that if he comes to this place he shall have a public welcome and have my Seraphina for his wife. And then I know that he will be an honor to our family, and that Seraphina will progress in her gymnastic exercises." He then goes off, taking the clubs with him, and Charles and his servant man, Dennis Murphy, both jump over the light, and Charles says: "Yes, this is the very place where the old gentleman lives, so we must be very careful not to be discovered, for if we are all is lost, for I know that he will never give his consent to my marrying Seraphina, unless I can do the *Empillærostation* feat, or risk my neck in trying to imitate Blondin on the tight-rope. Dennis says: "And is it the tight-rope he wants, sir? bedad I'm his man. I learnt the tight-rope from Prof. Burnham, and I'll show him how I can do it, and marry his daughter for yez as well, sir, I will." Charles says: "What do you mean, sir? You marry his daughter. I want you to know that she is betrothed to me, and will marry no other." Dennis says: "I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't mean it; I only meant that may be we might hoax the old man, and you could marry the daughter instead of me, d'ye mind?" Charles says: "Ah, that is very different. Now you say that you have learnt the tight-rope." Dennis says: "Yes, sir'ee. I can walk it as graceful as an elephant—no, no, I mean as a fairy." Charles says: "If that is the case, Dennis, I have a mind to try you, and see if you are telling me the truth." Dennis says: "The truth is it? divil a word of a lie in it, at all, at all. Shure if ye'z stretch the rope tight enough, and give me one small glass of whiskey, I'll walk from the ground to the top of the church steeple, and dance jigs all the ways coming back again. Shure have no fear of me, sir. When I was traveling as servant with the Professor, didn't they call me on the bills Mons., what de'ye call 'em, from Paris, and all of Paris I ever see I could put in my eye, and see none the worse for it at all. But they all do it, and why shouldn't I? An Irishman is as clever as two Frenchmen any day in the week; so stretch up your rope, and chalk my feet. Ah! ah! it's all in the chalk, d'ye mind; and you'll soon see how I can walk it." Charles says: "Well, I will believe you, but if I catch you out in a falsehood I'll break every bone in your ugly carcase; so pay attention and listen, and if I succeed in all my plans, I'll give you a nice snug sum, and then set you up in any business you like. Now, my idea is to buy you a pair of false whiskers, and loan you a suit of tights, that I bought to attend the gymnasia, in order to become an athlete, but after falling and nearly breaking my nose, I concluded it was not my forte, and I never went again. I think the suit will just fit you, and disguised as you will be with the whiskers and the tights, I can readily call you and introduce you as the great Blondin, the hero of Niagara, to old Mr. Blowhard, and inform him that I am your agent, and I know that as soon as the old gent thinks he has the veritable Blondin in his house, he will relax his vigilant watch over his daughter, and I shall be able

to communicate with her, and inform her of my safe return ; then while the old gentleman is engaged with you, and pressing you to give him an exhibition of your talent, I and Seraphina will steal off to the justice's court, get united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and come back and claim the old man's forgiveness, as he will be sure to be in a good humor as you are finishing your last grand feat, and then we will settle down, and you shall marry the girl you love, and you can remain with us if you wish, or we will set you up in business, as I said before ; so come along to my lodgings, and I will rig you out as Mons. Blondin. I see by the papers he is shortly to arrive here, and that will aid our schemes ; so come along," and he jumps over the light. Dennis says : " All right, sir ; only show me the house and I'll find the door myself. Three cheers for Frenchy Blondin, huroo !" and he jumps over the light. Then Mr. Blowhard enters from the side, with a large pair of spectacles on, and a newspaper in his hand, as if he is reading it ; then he laughs, and exclaims : " Eureka ! Eureka ! at last ! at last ! Here's a surprise, my wish is granted. I see by this week's paper that the agent of the great, the wonderful Monsieur Blondin has arrived, and that he is making arrangements for his appearance in this part of the country, where he will arrive in a few days, and have the honor of appearing in some of his most startling feats, such as wheeling a man in a wheelbarrow, walking the rope in a sack, with his eyes blindfolded, and without a balance-pole ; standing on his head, and walking on his hands on the rope, a feat never before attempted ; also, hanging by his left ear, and taking a table and chair on the rope, will perform the difficult and arduous task of eating his supper on the rope, with as much ease and nonchalance as if seated in his own or anybody else's parlor." Then Mr. Blowhard exclaims : " Wonderful ! extraordinary ! marvelous ! I only wish that he would arrive to-day, so that Seraphina could see him. I am sure she would fall in love with him, and then I should have the pleasure of having a gymnastic son-in-law, and a gymnastic wedding. A bright idea strikes me ; he shall teach the parson and Seraphina to walk the rope, and then they shall be married on the tight-rope, and my name will be handed down to posterity as the originator and inventor of the tight-rope wedding, ha ! ha ! ha !" and he laughs heartily. A bell rings outside, very loudly. Mr. Blowhard calls out : " John, open the gate, will you ? I declare I am so nervous with expectation that I hardly know whether I am standing on my head or my heels." Then Charles jumps over the light. He is dressed in a large dressing-gown, and a smoking-cap, with a large tassel, and has a riding-whip in his hand, and talks to Mr. Blowhard in broken French or Dutch, and says : "*Comme vous porte vous, weigatz* ; good morning, Mons. Blower. I have ze letter of ze recommendation to you, in behalf of the great, ze wonderful, *das* extraordinary Signor Blondin, the first and only acknowledged professor of ze tight-rope, who made the perilous ascension across the Falls of Niagare ; and on the conclusion of his grand performance,

he walked across, and finished by coming back, and coiled the rope up after him as he walked his narrow pathway. I have the honor to be his agent, and am now looking out for a suitable place for him to show his wonderful agility, as he will arrive to-day by the underground route, and will be prepared to execute any and all of his wonderful feats, in which he challenges the world to compete with him." Mr. Blowhard shakes hands with him, and says: "My dear sir, I am proud and happy to meet you, and welcome you as the agent of the great Monsieur Blondin, and beg to tender you the use of my grounds for his grand exhibition, and also to tender to him, through you, the hospitalities of my house, which I hope he will make his home during his stay in these parts. As I happen to have a large rope, I will immediately have it stretched and put up ready for the Professor's performance, so that there may be no delay; so I will instantly go and see about it. Ah, here comes my daughter; I will introduce you to her, and you will greatly oblige me if you will explain to her the many advantages to be obtained from a thorough course of gymnastic training, and also explain to her the merits of the great Monsieur Blondin." Charles says: "Mr. Blowhard, I shall only be too happy to explain to her the many advantages that she will gain by listening to your sensible advice, and I feel sure of her strict attention to what I shall say, as soon as she is acquainted with me and finds out who I am." Seraphina enters from the side, and Mr. Blowhard says: "Seraphina, my daughter, this gentleman is the agent of the renowned Monsieur Blondin, the great tight-rope artist, and I hope you will pay particular attention to what he says to you, and put in practice all he tells you to do. I will now leave you together, and get the servants to prepare for the reception of the renowned artist;" he bows, and goes off. Charles looks at Seraphina, and says to her: "Seraphina, do you not know me?" She looks up to him, and exclaims: "Charles!" and throws herself in his arms, and they embrace, and she says: "When did you return?" Charles says: "I only arrived a few days ago from California, accompanied by my faithful servant, one Dennis Murphy by name, one of the smartest and quickest witted men you have ever seen, which I think you will say as soon as you know all. I am also happy to tell you that I have been very lucky in my venture in California, and return home with my fortune made; so now we can get married and settle down without delay, as I feel sure of being able to procure you father's consent to our union." Seraphina says: "Oh, Charles, you know that my father has said I should never marry any one but a gymnastic Professor, and I do so fear that he will never give his consent to our union." Charles says: "But you heard what your father said just now, that you were to do whatever I told you to do, and I say that you are instantly to prepare to marry me; so you see I have your father's consent already. But as you are in a little doubt, I will inform you how I mean to gain his consent. You know that it has been your father's ambition for many years to see and entertain the great Blondin, the hero, as he is called, of

Niagara Falls, and as I see by the papers that he proposes visiting these parts shortly, I planned a little surprise and deception for him with the aid of my servant, who, I told you, is able to do almost anything, and can perform on the tight-rope almost as good as Blondin himself—at least he tells me so—so I have procured him a good disguise, and he will shortly arrive here as the great Blondin, and to carry out the joke, I am here acting as agent for him, and when he arrives, and is going through his performance, you and I will slip off together, get married, and before he concludes his exhibition, and while your father is in a good temper, we will return, and, on our knees, ask his forgiveness for the deception practiced on him, and I feel sure of obtaining it.” Seraphina says: “My dear Charles, you know that I am yours only, and I will trust you, although I do not like to even seem to aid you in deceiving my good, kind, indulgent papa, but I will trust to your ability to be able to gain his forgiveness, and then we shall both be so happy; so I will hurry away and make all preparations; so good bye for the present.” and they embrace, and she runs off. Charles sings: “Huzza, she’s mine, tol de rol, &c.” Dennis jumps over the light in his performing costume, and slaps Charles on the back, and says: “How are ye boss? how do I look in my fleshings? Ain’t that an illegant figure?” and he turns himself round for his inspection. Charles looks at him in astonishment, and says: “You look the perfection of muscular agility and grace, but for mercy sake drop that horrible brogue of yours, and remember you are now a Frenchman, and must talk French.” Dennis says: “And is it French I’m to talk! be jabers I’ll do that same aisy enough.” Charles says: “I am afraid you will, and rather too aisy as you say—no, you must not say a word only ‘oui’ whenever you are spoken to by any one; now do not forget, for I see the old gent coming up the garden walk, with the servants and the rope they are going to fix up for you; so remember, only ‘oui.’” Dennis says: “All right, sir; never fear me, I can say it; *we! we! we!*” Mr. Blowhard enters, and bows to Charles, who introduces him to Dennis in this way: “Mr. Blowhard, allow me to introduce you to Mons. Blondin; Blowhard, Blondin, Blondin, Blowhard.” Mr. Blowhard shakes Dennis by the hand very vigorously, and says: “Sir, I am proud and happy to see you, and hope that you will not take cold in that summer suit of yours.” Dennis (forgetting his character) says: “Take cowl’d!” then recollects, and stops himself talking, and bows very extravagantly, and says: “We, we, we.” Charles says: “You must excuse him; he has not quite learned the English language yet, but as he travels along he will learn by degrees.” Mr. Blowhard says: “Certainly; no apology, no apology. Now, my dear sir, if you will come with me to the parlor, and take a glass of my old French wine, while the servants are putting up the rope, I shall feel very proud.” Dennis is very pleased, and rubs his stomach, and says: “Ow, ow, ah, we, we;” and he and Mr. Blowhard go off arm in arm. Charles laughs very heartily at them, when Seraphina enters with her bonnet and shawl on, and a small

bundle in her hand, and says : " Dear Charles, I am ready." He throws off his dressing-gown and cap, and takes her hand, and they both jump over the light ; then four servants (*men*) come in, two from each side, and raise up the plank from the floor, and set it on the two stools, and go along by it, and make a noise as if they were pulling the rope tight, and attempt to carry out the idea of its being a rope as nearly as possible as the action will suggest ; then some one says : " Chalk the rope ;" and one of the servants gets a large, irregular block of wood, or half a brick will do, and walks along as if rubbing chalk on the rope, and then the servants stand at each side, for spectators, and Mr. Blowhard and Dennis enter. Mr. Blowhard says : " Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your notice the great and renowned Monsieur Blondin, who will perform some extraordinary feats on the tight rope you now see, at a lofty elevation, from which, if he was to fall, he would be dashed into a million pieces, and you could all gather some of them to save as curiosities ; but have no fear, ladies and gentlemen ; he is as sure-footed as the goat on his native hills ; and without any further preliminaries he will now exhibit to you all his big feat." Dennis comes to the center and bows extravagantly, and then goes off at the side the plank is lowest, and gets his pole and gets on the plank and walks out slowly to the center, and acts as if he was very frightened, his knees and limbs trembling, &c. ; all applaud very loudly. He stops and calls out : " Sthop your noise, ye blackgards, and come and chalk my feet ;" then he recollects his assumed character, and walks back to the side, so that he is in sight on the plank, and bows and calls out : " We, we, we, chalker, chalk'ee foots ;" and holds up one foot. Blowhard is rather bewildered at first on hearing him talk Irish, but recovers himself, and calls out : " John, chalk the professor's feet." John, a servant, with the imitation piece of chalk, goes to Dennis and rubs it on his feet, when Dennis takes it from him and rubs it on his own feet, then on the pole, and then on his head, and finally throws it at the servant, who, in trying to catch it, falls as if it knocked him down ; then Blowhard applauds, and exclaims : " Wonderful ! most wonderful !" and all applaud. Then Dennis runs out on the plank, and dances backwards and forwards, and then sits down in the center, and bows, and they all applaud. He gets up and walks backwards, and then gives his pole to servant, and then walks and dances without the pole, and comes back, and they give him a small wheelbarrow, and as he is prepared to start, Mr. Blowhard says : " Monsieur Blondin offers to carry any gentleman across the rope in the wheelbarrow that will volunteer to go with him. As no one offers, Dennis bows, and wheels the barrow very slowly up the plank, and then the same backwards, then runs up and down it very quickly, and finally puts the barrow on his shoulder, and runs up and down the plank, and gives the barrow to a servant, and then bows, and they all applaud. Then servant gives him a handkerchief, which he folds up and binds over his eyes, being careful to leave one open so that he can see ; then motions in pantomime that he cannot see ;

then they give him a common muslin bag, which he puts over his head, and it has two holes for him to put his arms through, which he does, and then walks very carefully along, and makes several false steps, with one foot off at the side of the plank, as if he could not feel his way, and was going to tumble. Mr. Blowhard motions as if he was afraid he was going to fall, and holds up his hands as if prepared to catch him, if he should make a miss step. Then Dennis recovers himself, and goes slowly along to the other end; then in coming back makes several feints of stumbling and falling, then he runs up and down and dances, and they all applaud; and he comes back, and throws off the sack and the handkerchief, and bows to the spectators. Then one of the servants gives him a little short-tailed Irish coat and an old felt hat, and a short pipe and a shillelagh, and he puts them on, to look like an Irishman; then the music can strike up an Irish jig, and Dennis goes out and dances in the center, as fast as he can; all applaud, and Mr. Blowhard exclaims: "Wonderful! here, Seraphina, come and see!" As he calls out, Seraphina and Charles come on and kneel to him, and show him a large paper with seals attached to it, to represent a marriage certificate, and in expressive action indicate they have just been married, and ask for his forgiveness. Blowhard gets enraged, and pulls his hair with both his hands, and starts back, and says: "You here, Charles, and married to my daughter! I've been swindled, cheated, humbugged! You shall never have my forgiveness; and as for you, Seraphina, I will cut you off with a shilling, and never more own you as a daughter of mine! Go! go! with your swindling husband!" Dennis on the rope has stopped and watched this scene with evident enjoyment, and laughs heartily; but when Mr. Blowhard looks up to him he dances away more vigorously than ever. Mr. Blowhard looks at him, and says to Charles: "Then, I suppose this Frenchman, Monsieur Blondin, that you are *agent* for, is another fraud on my good nature. I am a good mind to have you both horsewhipped on the spot." Charles says: "No, sir, the Monsieur Blondin you see here is an Irishman, my servant, Dennis Murphy, at your service." Mr. Blowhard is astonished, and says: "At my service! I would not have such a rascal in my employ!" Dennis says: "Hah! hah! and do yez think I'd engage the likes of ye for a master? No, no, old Blowbags, I wouldn't." All laugh at him, and Mr. Blowhard says: "I've been swindled, but I'll punish you every one. Get out of my sight, every one of you;" and he runs off in a rage. All laugh. Then Dennis jumps off the plank, and wishes his master joy, and a large family of small children, and all the people shake hands with them, and the servants pull the stools away, and let the plank fall on to the ground flat. Then Dennis says: "Let's all have a dance, boys." Then, while they are all dancing to the Irish jig, Mr. Blowhard runs in with his two Indian clubs, and beats them all, and they jump over the light, Dennis the last one. Mr. Blowhard hits him and he jumps over, then he swings his clubs round and round his head in triumph, and jumps over the light at the same time.

THE MUFFIN MATCH ; OR, THE GAME OF BASE-BALL.

Properties required.—Two regular base-ball clubs, and one made in imitation, to be padded very nicely, so that it will not hurt a person when struck with it ; a large, hollow, India-rubber ball, such as is used for the game of foot-ball ; a book and pencil for the referee ; a loosely-stuffed figure of a man in base-ball costume, so that the figure can be thrown about, and doubled all up, and carried off by a man : a live chicken.

This extraordinary match (not) for the championship of this state is played by the nines of the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean Clubs, both of New-Jersey, (as the whole nine could not be seen at once on the sheet, you will please suppose that the others are in their respective positions, such as right, left, and center fields,) and is commenced by about four or five men or boys jumping over the light, alternately, after each other, and standing in groups, some with bats, and one with the large ball, which he amuses himself with, by throwing it up and catching it several times during the conversation. Then one of them who is a good talker, and who is to act as referee, says : " Well, boys, here we are at the grounds, and as it is a fine day, and the field is in fine condition, I hope to see you play the finest game of the season. Remember the eyes of the whole base-ball fraternity are upon you, and it is expected you will score the best game of the season. Now, as the nines of each club are present, I propose that you choose, by the number of cents I have in my hand, who shall have the first innings. Now, one from each club, guess, odd or even, and the one guessing right, the club he represents shall take first inning." He then holds out his hand and two step forward and guess, one of them saying even and the other odd. Then the first speaker says : " The odds have it. Now I will act as *referee*, and decide the game on its merits, and I hope there will be no quarreling in this game, such as there has been in nearly all the match games this season. Now, proceed with the game ; gentlemen in the field please take their positions." Then some go off. Then man with ball stands on one side, and shows the ball, and says : " I am the *pitcher*." Then a man with a bat stands on other side, and shows his bat, and says : " It is my *first strike*." Then a man comes forward at the back of striker, and says : " I am the *short stop*." Then they take their positions across the sheet, and the referee goes off at one side, and calls : " *Play*." Then the pitcher throws the ball, and the striker hits at it, but misses it, and the referee calls out : " *Strike*." Then the short stop throws ball to batter again, who moves on one side, and the short stop runs in to catch it, and the ball hits him in the stomach, and he falls flat on his back. Referee calls out : " *Short stop*." Then the pitcher and striker lift him up by his head and his heels (he keeping very stiff all the time), and they jump over the light with him. As they go, the referee calls out : " Another *victim to the base-ball mania*." A man jumps over the light, and says : " I will take his place ;" and he goes to it. Then the pitcher and striker jump

back over the light, and go to their positions, and referee says : "*Play*" The pitcher throws the ball, and the striker hits it and knocks it over the light, and he drops his bat and runs off, and pitcher jumps up and around, calling out : "*Send in that ball,*" &c. Then striker comes back, and referee calls out : "*Home run,*" and ball is thrown over the light to pitcher. Another striker takes his position, and the pitcher throws the ball, and hits the striker full in the face with it. At the same time a person back of light throws a live chicken over, and the referee calls out : "*Foul ball.*" Then some of players catch chicken and take it off. Then pitcher throws again, and batter knocks it over the light, and runs off at opposite side. Then there is a good deal of calling out and running, when the person back of light who has caught the ball must throw it up over the light, and the pitcher catches it, and the referee calls out : "*Out on the fly,*" and says : "*Next innings.*" Men cheer, talk, &c., and change about, as new side take their places, and then commence to play. The pitcher throws ball and batter misses it ; short stop catches it and throws it to pitcher ; referee calls : "*One strike.*" Then pitcher throws the ball, and it hits the striker's legs, and he tumbles forward over it on to the floor. Referee says : "*That's a daisy cutter ; he falls like the leaves fall.*" Then the striker gets up ready to play, and stands in position ; then the pitcher throws the ball, and he hits it and knocks it over the light, and person at back of light catches it. Then striker runs off on opposite side ; the ball is thrown to pitcher, who throws it off after striker, and all cry : "*Out ;*" but the referee says : "*Second base—play.*" Another striker takes his position, and pitcher throws the ball, and the striker hits it and it goes over the light, and must be caught by somebody at back ; and the referee calls out : "*That's a sky-scraper,*" and the previous striker runs in, and the last striker runs off and back again, as if he had ran to the bases ; and the referee says : "*Two home.*" The ball is now thrown to pitcher, and a person takes his position as striker, and then pitcher throws ball, and striker hits it and knocks the ball over the light, and he runs off on opposite side. Then the person back of light who has caught the ball passes it over the light into the hands of the pitcher, and referee says : "*Passed ball ;*" and then the striker runs in from opposite side, and tries to run to home base, but the pitcher throws the ball at him and hits him on the back of the head with it, and he stumbles and falls beyond the sheet. The referee calls : "*Struck out !*" The men say : "*No, sir, it is not fair ; we will not play.*" Then all come in and quarrel about the laws of base-ball, &c., each party taking sides, and arguing they are right and the others are wrong ; and in the midst of a war of words the referee jumps in amongst them and says : "*I'm the referee, and I must be obeyed.*" Then some one hits him on the head with the ball ; then he turns round and seizes the stuffed bat, and beats them all over the light ; then, as he turns and laughs, one of the men comes back and fights with him, and struggles off, and then comes on with the dummy figure, and throws it down, and doubles it up, and puts it under his arm, and then jumps over the light.

REGULAR HASH; OR, THE BOARDING-HOUSE CONSPIRACY.

The properties used in this comical thrust at our *home* (?) institutions, are: A table and chair; a table-cloth; two plates; knives and forks; a tin pail, with some pudding in it to represent hash, (farina pudding or jelly will be best, as it can be eaten readily;) a large ladle or iron spoon to be in the tin pail, to be used in putting the pudding on the plate; three or four brooms; a live kitten, and a large live cat; cane for Doctor, &c.

When all is ready, and the light well on the sheet, let three or four men come on, part from each side; then one says: "This is the place of meeting," and another says: "And this the hour we were to meet." Another says: "We are here, but where is our worthy president?" Then a very lean specimen of a man jumps over the light, and in a hollow voice says: "I am here, brothers in distress, I greet you; you have unanimously chosen me to be your president and spokesman, and by my order we have convened here to requite our wrongs, for that we are wronged you all can testify to, can you not?" They all say: "We can! we can!" President says: "I knew you could; here we are, all boarders at Mrs. Stintem's boarding-house, paying her the extraordinary sum of three dollars per week for board, lodging, gas and fire, and what do we get for it? Do we get good rooms? No!" All say: "No!" He says: "No, we do not; we are placed two in a bed, and four in a room, which is an outrage of itself. Gentlemen, I say an outrage!" All echo: "An outrage!" He says: "Do we get gas? No!" All say: "No!" He says: "No! only small coal-oil lamps, that are warranted to burn only long enough to let you get partially disrobed, and then go out, and leave you in darkness, and consequently we have to get into bed in the dark, and that is the reason we make mistakes, and sometimes get into the wrong beds, and not, as Mrs. Stintem says, because we are the worse for liquor. This is another outrage." All say: "Another outrage." He says: "Do we get fires? No!" All say: "No!" He says: "Certainly not; only the fire in the kitchen grate, that is used to cook our food, which our landlady says is enough to warm the house, and which I contend, and you all agree, is not enough to even warm the kitchen; this I say is another outrage. What do you say, my companions in misery?" All say: "Another outrage!" He says: "Now we come to the grand swindle of all, that is our food, which consists of a regular bill of fare, which I will enumerate to you: For breakfast, weak tea and hash! (all groan) for dinner, hash and weak tea! (all groan) for supper, tea and cold hash! (all groan) this is the greatest outrage of all." All say: "The greatest outrage!" He says: "Not alone is it an outrage, but which of you knows of what the hash is composed? Not one of you! for on different days have each one of you found some different ingredient compounded with his hash, that it would puzzle the ablest impeachment lawyer to decide what it is made of. One day our worthy brother Grizzle found the remains of an old broom mixed with his

portion of hash, and our brother Dobson found what, to him, looked like a rat's tail, in his portion of the savory viand, and other things have been found that it is not well for our hungry stomachs to mention. We have all tried to find out when, where, and how it is made, but up to the present moment none of us have been able to solve the problem. Still, I will ask you all once more; have any of you discovered anything new?" Then one of them steps forward, and says: "I have a secret to impart. Let all be silent. Yesterday while I was watching and trying to find out how our hash was made, I discovered (*all listen*), what looked to me like the remains of Mrs. Stintem's big Thomas cat, which we have all remarked has disappeared very mysteriously. I made an excuse for entering the kitchen, and then I asked Mrs. Stintem what it was on the table, and she had the effrontery to tell me that it was a rabbit that was made a present to her, and that we were to have it for dinner to-day. Now, I for one do not believe her, and have made up my mind that when I come home to dinner and we should have hash (for a change) that I will not eat it; what say you all?" They all say: "We agree with you." Then the president says: "I have a plan to propose, and all must agree to be in the *conspiracy*. Will you be guided by me?" All say: "We will!" He says: "Then, in the first place, if the article that our brother saw yesterday on the kitchen table was a rabbit, it will be served to us as a rabbit, but if it was the cat, as we suspect, it will be served to us in our *regular hash*, so we all agree not to eat, but wait until we discover what it is, and then, if our suspicions are founded upon the right, we will capture Mrs. Stintem and severely punish her, and then make her eat the whole allowance of hash that she prepares and serves up to the boarders; do you all agree?" All say: "We do." "Now affirm it by holding up your hands." They do so. He says: "It is well. Now disperse to your rooms, as I think I hear the voice of our landlady approaching," and they all go off at the sides. Then the landlady comes on from the other side, and sets on a table and chair on one side near sheet, puts cloth on table, then fetches on plates, and a large tin pail of pudding of some sort that can be eaten readily, (and to represent the hash) a large spoon in pail; and when she gets all ready, she says: "Well, if ever there was a poor lone widow that's pestered to death, it's me. Here have I had seven servant girls within the last three days, and every one of them has left, because I do not give out the hard work, and keep a woman to do the odd jobs at home, and because they can't have every other day off to go and see their cousins; and now I'm determined to do the work myself, and by that means I shall save more money, and be able to retire the sooner. Then them boarders of mine are the most cantankerous set you ever laid your blessed eyes on; they are never satisfied with the food they get. I think that some of them want chickens, game, and all the delicacies of the season, and all for their paltry three dollars per week; but they may want, for they won't get any out of me. I give them good, solid and substantial hash for every meal, and them as don't like it can

leave it. They say they don't know how it's made—it's none of their business. I make it, and I've got to make money by it, and I mean to do so. I shall soon be able to build me a nice country mansion with the money I am making out of hash, and then I shall be respected for my money; so I don't mind how I am abused now. Well, here's their dinner all ready and getting cold, and none of them come yet. That's always the case; if I am a little late, then they all come trooping in, and say they are in the greatest hurry in the world. Then the next day, if I get dinner earlier, they all come in late, and drop in one by one. Oh! I do wish they would come. I've got the nicest dinner to-day they ever had, and now none of them will come until it is cold. Well, it will serve them right, and make them more punctual the next time. Ah! there goes the door; that's Mr. Skinflint; I hate him; *he* always wants to know how I make my hash." The president comes in from the side, and says: "Well, Mrs. Stintem, what have you got for dinner to-day?" She curtsseys, and says: "Some very nice hash." He throws up his hands in horror, and exclaims "Hash!" and jumps over the light. She looks after him, and says: "Well, did you ever?" Then Mr. Dobson enters from side, and says: "Good day, Mrs. Stintem. What have we got for dinner to-day?" She says: "Some very nice hash." He throws up his arms, exclaims, "Hash!" puts his fingers to his nose, and jumps over the light. Then Mr. Grizzle enters, and says: "How do you do, Mrs. Stintem? Have you got a nice dinner to-day?" She says: "Yes, sir; I've got some very nice hash." He throws up his hands in terror, and says: "Hash!" shakes his head, and says: "No you don't," and jumps over the light. She says: "I am astonished." Then another boarder comes in, and says: "Well, Mrs. Stintem, what have you got for dinner to day?" She says: "I have got some rabbit hash." He whistles, and says: "Rabbit hash! Pussy hash, you mean. Meow, wow," making a noise like a cat, and jumps over the light. She says: "Well, was there ever such impudence?" Then a very stout boarder comes on, and says: "Ah! Mrs. Stintem, I see the dinner is ready. What have you got good to-day?" She says, very sharply, "Hash!" He rubs his hands, and then his stomach, and says: "That's the stuff for me," and he sits down, and she laddles him some of the pudding from the pail into his plate, and he eats ravenously, and gets up satisfied, and she says: "As the other boarders don't want any dinner, I'll remove the table," and she goes off with the table. Then the fat boarder says: "Well, I've enjoyed my dinner very much. The other boarders tried to frighten me, and told me not to eat hash to-day, as the great Thomas cat of Mrs. Stintem was missing, but they couldn't frighten me; oh, no. I like the hash to-day; it has a better flavor, and I feel much better after it. In fact, I feel as—" he puts his hand to his stomach as if it aches, then feels better, and walks across and back, then claps his hands to his stomach, and again says: "I feel, oh, dear! as if ten thousand cats were clawing at my internal fixtures. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and accompanies it with various extravagant

gestures of pain in the stomach, and calls out, "Help!" Then two of the other boarders jump over the light, and ask him. "What is the matter?" He can only say: "Oh, dear! hash!" and claps his hands to his stomach, and walks about. One of the boarders tells the other to run for a doctor, he nods all right, and jumps over the light. Then the other boarder sits the fat man in the chair, and tries to hold him down in the chair, but he keeps jumping up and crying out: "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Then the doctor jumps over the light, and stands and contemplates the patient. Then with a great deal of pompous preparation looks at the patient's tongue, feels his pulse, listens to his stomach, then sits him down in the chair, and tells the other boarder to hold him very tight; then he takes off his coat, and rolls up his shirt sleeve, the patient kicking and wondering what the doctor is about to do. Then the doctor, after several grotesque flourishes, seizes him by the hair, and puts his arm at the back of his head or the side, so the shadow will look as if the doctor had his arm down the patient's throat. Then he works his arm about as if feeling inside; then stands off and slowly pulls his arm away, and he is holding a small live kitten, which he has pulled from the sleeve of the man who is holding the patient's head, and the doctor pulls it from beside the patient's head, so as to look in the shadow as if he pulled it from the patient's mouth, then lets it go, and the kitten runs off. Then the patient squirms about again, and motions pain. Then the doctor feels down his throat again, and expresses wonder at what he has caught. Then he pulls out a large cat from the side of the patient's face. (that is away from the audience, and it will look as if he pulled it from his mouth) and holds it up in wonder. Then he lets the cat run. Then the patient gets up and feels better. Then the doctor asks for his fee, but both the boarders say they have no money, and cannot pay him. He says they are swindlers, and he will go for police. As he turns both men kick him, and he jumps over the light. The two boarders laugh at him. Then the other boarders come on, and one says: "Our jury find Mrs. Stintem guilty of treason to our stomachs and well being, and each and all bind ourselves to carry out the sentence of the court. Ah! she comes! Away!" Then they all jump over the light. Then Mrs. Stintem comes on, and says: "I thought I heard some one call. I must have been mistaken. Now I must prepare myself to go to the bank. I shall not need any more from the market, as the hash that was left at dinner will be very nice for supper when it is cold, and I am determined they shall eat it every bit up before I get any fresh." Then the boarders all jump over the light, and beat her with brooms and brushes, &c., and seize her and place her in the chair, and then one of them says: "Listen, Mrs. Stintem. Our conspiracy has condemned you to eat all the hash that was left at dinner time, and hope that it will be a warning and lesson to you, and hope in future you will change our diet at least twice a week. Let the sentence proceed." Then one holds her, and one goes for the pail of hash, and one feeds her with the spoon with it, she eating

it, and trying to talk, but they force it down her throat, and she talks as if she was choking. Then they all laugh, and turn the pail over, and show it is empty. Then they put it over her head, and let her go. She gets up and tries to hit or kick them, and they, to avoid her, jump over the light, and she pursues them with the pail still over her head.

HERCULES ; OR, THE MECHANICAL STATUE.

The accessories needed to render this performance complete are, a pedestal or raised platform, about four feet long and two feet wide, and six inches high in front, and at the back about two inches high, with four flat trunk castors on the bottom, and a rope attached to it to pull it on, with a man on it. A large club for statue. A round profile globe, about two feet six inches in diameter, for *Atlas*. A Roman sword, shield, and helmet. A Jew nose and beard for Charles, and a snuff-box for Fuzby. A large sledge-hammer and a crow-bar can both be made of wood. Letter for Charles.

This comical pantomimic farce is commenced by Charles and Tim jumping over the light. Tim says : " No, sir, I won't do it. I tell you it's no use." Charles says : " Why, you are vanquished by one little rebuff." Tim says : " Little rebuff ! didn't I don the petticoats and a coal-scuttle bonnet, and shave off my handsome whiskers, and try to get into old Mr. Granite's house to give your letter to his daughter, because he has forbidden you to go near her ? And wasn't I discovered, laughed at, and nearly beaten to death ?" Charles says : " Come, come, never despair ; you thought to pass for an old woman, and hadn't the wit to act up to the part, and so effected no entry into the old sculptor's house." Tim says : " Oh, yes, sir ; I effected the entry, and old Mr. Granite effected the ejection, by kicking me out." Charles says : " No matter ; Laura must have my letter, must be my wife, in defiance of her cross old guardian. Tim, I have a thought. Listen ; it was your clothes that betrayed you the last time." Tim says : " True, sir, true ; I fell a victim to my wardrobe ; many a great man has had the like disaster." Charles says : " Well, now, you shall have no clothes at all." Tim says : " Sir !" Charles says : " I'm serious ; I mean you shall see my charming girl, and be a statue all the time." Tim says : " Impossible, sir, quite impossible ; I couldn't stand it ; I know I couldn't." Charles says : " Nonsense ; I can get you a dress, and old Granite is sand blind, and"—Tim says : " He ought to be stone blind not to tell the difference between a man and a statue ; but pray, sir, if I am to be a sculpturesque, what is it to be ? What marble character am I to act ? Is it Cupid ? No ; Cupid was a boy ; but no lady objects to Cupid on an enlarged scale. Cupid and his bow and arrows—this way (imitating the position). Yes, sir, I must be Cupid. I have a very pretty dimple on my

cheek—that's half the battle." Charles says: "Cupid will never do; let me see—you shall go as Hercules." Tim says: "Hercules! Sir, I feel the compliment, but I'm not the size; take me out of my stockings, and I'm but five feet three, and I can't stretch myself into a hero of seven feet high; 'twon't do, sir; 't isn't the size of a pocket Hercules." Charles says: "Yes, Hercules with his club; and I will aid you, disguised as the great statue repairer, Mr. Isaacs, the Jew; so I shall dress you as the statue, get you into the house, leave you in the studio, where you must take advantage of your situation, give this letter to Laura, and keep the old man engaged, while she and I run off to be married." Tim says: "And the reward, sir?" Charles says: "A hundred dollars, if I succeed." Tim says: "I take your money, sir. A hundred dollars for rising to a giant! I can't refuse it, when so many giants have shrunk into dwarfs for half the money (recollecting his size). But no, sir, the joke's too plain; 'twill never do! Though Granite is a fool, he's not such a fool as—" Charles says: "Well, then, you give up the hundred dollars?" Tim says: "I am desperate, and a hundred dollars will be a balm to my agitated soul; and so, so, sir, I will, despite my inches, be Hercules, the king of clubs." Charles says: "Then follow me, and dress for the part," and he jumps over the light. Tim says: "Dress! he means undress. The part! I wish it was to talk, instead of being looked at. Well, with all his labors, Hercules hadn't as much labor in being Hercules as I shall have in imitating him." Laughs at himself, and jumps over the light. Laura enters from the side, as if she had been weeping, and says: "Another day has passed, and still no news of my beloved Charles. And to be thus persecuted by that odious Mr. Granite, my guardian, who is continually asking me to marry him; but I shall never love any but Charles. Oh, love! love! what a mischievous rogue art thou!" Then Charles enters over the light, and says: "Laura! (they embrace). The happiest accident! Passing the house, I saw your jailer leave it; have hither flown to tell you of my plan, the rarest, the most ingenious, boldest device that ever"—Mrs. Rams calls on the outside: "Laura!" Laura says: "My mamma! We are lost! Fly, or you will be discovered." Charles says: "That way is impossible; that leads to your chamber." Looks off R. H., says: "Ha! this closet," and runs off. Laura says: "No, no, not there; you will be discovered there." Mrs. Rams enters, says: "Now, Laura, why do you go moping and drooping about like a weeping willow, when you know I want to talk to you about your prospects with Mr. Granite?" Laura says: "My prospects?" Mrs. Rams says: "Hasn't he a perquisite collection of statues? and if he really resists in his attentions to you, who knows what may be the consequence?" Laura says: "Mamma, I'm astonished at your wishes!" Mrs. Rams says: "Nonsense, child!" It would be my pride to see you mistress of all them there statues. Look at that dear little Cupid! I have sanguinary expectations it will one day be yours." Laura says: "Never, I hope, mamma. Mr. Granite is old enough to be my father; besides, I

have no wish to step in between you and him." Mrs Rams says: "Ridiculous, child! I tell you it is you he loves to extraction; he told me so when we were in Italy, and burnt Bastiles. I remember the time well; it was at his willa, when it was so hot that we were obliged to sleep in the open air, beneath a marquis." Laura says: "Marquee, you mean, ma a marquee." Mrs. Rams says: "Well, you know what I mean, so where's the use of disposing me. But, as I was saying, if you will only take Mr. Granite, he is ready to settle a handsome fortune on you, and to give me a bonassns of five thousand dollars into the bargain. Only think of that! Why, it would enable you to have a comparised horse to ride upon." Mr. Granite enters, and says: "Now, my dear Miss Laura, have you made up your mind to accept my offer?" Mrs. Rams says: "I have demonstrated with her on the folly of dejecting the proposition you have done us the honor to make; but I am sorry to say she is still hankeling after her dear Charles, as she calls him." Mr. Granite says: "You see, ma'am, this comes of your telling that spark, that sprig of lavender, that you would consider of his offer." Mrs. Rams says: "But I am now dissolved, and so. Laura, once for all I tell you"— Laura says: "That you are willing to accept Charles for your son-in-law, dear, good mamma!" Mrs. Rams says: "No; to deny him the house altogether." Granite says: "The fool came into my store, and laid out fifty dollars in Cupids and such like. (Laughs) Ha! ha! ha! he may come upon the same terms as often as he pleases; it will all go towards the general stock when we are married, you duck. (Laughs.) Ha! ha!" Laura says: "You goose," and cries. Mrs. Rams says: "Why, I declare, the silly girl is weeping!" Granite says: "Let her; it is quite refreshing to see real grief. I like to copy from nature; if she'll only stand in that position five hours, I'll fetch a block of marble, and cut an original Niobe." Tom enters, and Laura pouts, and she and her mother go off at side. Granite says: "Now, Tommy, have you been to the dealer?" Tom says: "Yes, sir, but he warn't at home. They said, sir, that they'd send the statue of Hercules almost directly." Granite says: "Did you see it, Tom? is it well repaired?" Tom says: "No, sir, I didn't see it; but I'm told they've made a capital job of it." Granite says: "Well, when Mr. Fuzby comes, show him to me, for I haven't seen him yet. The fact is, Tom, he's a fool, and knows nothing of the arts, and the statue his man has sold me is very cheap. But let me know the moment he arrives, and see that the Hercules is carefully placed in my studio." Charles, showing himself on one side, says: "Now, then, for Mr. Isaacs, and my Hercules," and he jumps over the light. Granite says: "Tom, has any one been here during my absence?" Tom says: "The agent, sir, for his four statues." Granite says: "And not one have I obtained! What did you tell him?" Tom says: "Why, I made him believe that you had them all in your studio, and that you were so particular that you wouldn't let your work be seen when it was only half done." Granite says: "Very right; 'twas so with Michael Angelo." Tom says: "He

said if he couldn't have them all to-night that he'd withdraw his commission, and ruin you outright." Granite says: "And if he should, I'm ruined completely. (A loud knocking is heard). Run, Tom, run! It may be him; if so, mind I'm not at home." Tom says: "Yes, sir, I'll say you say I'm to say you are not at home." He runs off. Granite says: "I do hope it is not him." Tom enters, says: "Oh, sir, sir! he's come!" Granite says: "Confusion!" Tom says: "And it's so beautifully done!" Granite says: "Why, what are you talking about?" Tom says: "The Hercules, sir; it's come." Granite says: "I'm really glad; you go help get it up stairs." Tom goes off to help. Granite, looking off, says: "Take care there—take care! it's a most delicate thing, though it is a Hercules. (A noise outside.) Mind his nose against the wall! I wouldn't have his nose hurt for the nose of Cæsar!" Then Tom pulls the statue in on the pedestal, and Charles helps him. Charles, disguised as the Jew dealer, says: "Mind—mind, ma tears! Dere he is; see how very beautiful he looks." Points to Tim as the statue. Granite rubs his hands very pleased, and calls: "Mrs. Rams! Laura! come and see the Hercules. (They enter.) Look, madam! See what a noble attitude! what a face, serene in conscious strength! Bless me, Mrs. Rams, what's the matter?" Mrs. Rams (sighing): "It's very foolish to give way to such weakness; but, as he stands, he is so like my late husband, he seems as if he were come back again." Granite says: "Then I don't wonder at your agitation. Let me put on my spectacles. (Does so.) Isn't it beautiful! A real antique! The moderns can do nothing like that. (To Charles.) Your name, sir, is?"—Charles says: "Isaacs Solomons Israel Emanuel Levy Nathan Jacobs, at your service, ma tear. I've mended hish leg, and brought home te goots. 'Tish a fine antique relic, ma tear." Mrs. Rams says: "That it is, a fine antic relish!" Charles says: "Now, ma tear, it ish petter as new." Granite says: "You have done the job well, humph! very well; and there's the ten dollars" (gives it.) Charles says: "You ought to give me twelve; it cost me as moch, as I'm a sinner, and hope to be shaved; (to her) didn't it, ma tear?" Mrs. Rams (aside) says: "The impercence of some people is abominable." Tim sneezes, coughs, &c., which Charles has to imitate, to deceive them. Charles says, going and looking at Laura: "Pless ma heart! vat is here? ish dat a statue? vat sall I give you for it? You sell—I'll pay, old gentleman." Mrs. Rams, indignantly, says: "Old gentleman! Is this your Hebrew breeding, you mendicant varlet, you? Mr. Granite, do you allow him to result you in this way?" Charles says: "Beg pardon; but that young lady is most beautiful. (To Granite) Your model for Venus, I suppose?" Mrs. Rams says: "No, fellow; I'm his model for Wenus." Charles (laughing): "Ha! ha! ha!" Tim (laughing): "Ha! ha! ha!" Charles checks Tim in this, and in every other instance when he is playing his pranks. Granite (to Charles): "Rascal, do you laugh at me to my very face?" Charles says: "Rascal! (laughs) ha! ha! ha! You are de pleasantest old fellow dat ever I did

business wid in all my life—surprising for your age!" Granite (angrily) says: "Where is my cane? (chasing Charles). Get out of my house, or—(as he is passing Tim strikes him with the club)—murder! murder!" Mrs. Rams says: "What's the matter, Mr. Granite? you look pale." Granite says: "I've been struck by an invisible hand in a most mysterious manner." Charles (aside) says: "Confound the fellow! his tricks will spoil all. I had better be off." Runs off at side. Laura says: "Ah, you look quite alarmed, sir; I declare, you tremble." Granite says: "Enough to make me. Didn't you see that old clothes man affront me to my face, and beat out my teeth behind my back? I'll go and give information at the police station." Laura says: "They cannot interfere, sir; they did not see him do it." Granite (calls) says: "Here, Tom! Harry! Mary!" and runs off in a rage. Mrs. Rams says: "Don't go, dear Mr. Granite, and leave us with this great ugly statue! Oh! oh! look at its eyes! I'll not have such a thing near my apartment. Laura, my love, don't be alarmed; stay here, and I'll send up the two apprentices, with a large sledge hammer, and they shall batter its head to pieces. (Calls)—Here, Tom! Harry!" and she runs off. Tim, coming down from the pedestal, says: "Well, that's pleasant! Luckily the old fellow thinks master struck him; when they meet they will have a jolly row, and I hope the best man will win. Now I must give this letter to Laura." He goes up to her; she sees him and screams. Laura says: "A ghost! a ghost! help! help!" and faints in Tim's arms. Tim says: "Now I've done it; why, 'tis only I, miss—'tis only Tim; confound your squalling! it would serve you right if you never got a husband!" Granite (outside) says: "Hollo, there!" Tim says: "Oh, the dickens! here they come again!" He runs and jumps on the pedestal, and, in the hurry, takes the club in his left hand, and changes his position. Granite enters hastily: "What's the matter? what's the matter?" Laura (recovering) says: "Oh dear! oh dear! I was so alarmed—left alone, you know, sir, with that ugly figure; and when I looked, sir, I—I"—Granite says: "Fie, miss! you have betrayed yourself. You couldn't look at the beautiful statue while your mother and I were in the room, but must take a sly peep the moment our backs were turned! (putting on his spectacles.) Well, I don't wonder at it; 'tis a splendid specimen of the truly antique. (While he is looking, Tim takes off Granite's wig.) Ah! I declare, hewn out of solid stone! Flesh and blood couldn't look half so charming. (Tim laughs and rocks about.) But eh?—what have you been doing, Laura? The statue shakes! and now I look at it again; the foot is brought too forward; the club, too, is in the left hand! (Turns to Laura.) Was that right? (Tim changes the club and stands right. Granite looks at him.) How stupid I am! It is right enough!" Tom (enters) says: "Mr. Fuzby, sir, has come for his four statues, and he says he will see them immediately." Tim throws the wig between Tom and Granite. Granite (to Tom) says: "You rascal, how dare you take my wig off? (Beating him.) If ever you do so again—" Tom says: "I never touched your

wig." Granite says: "Don't lie, sir!" Tom says: "Why do you hit a poor boy like me? Why don't you beat a man of your own size?" Granite says: "Silence, sir! Go and try to persuade Mr. Fuzby to call again." Tom says: "He says, sir, if he don't see them now he'll withdraw his custom." Granite says: "Well, well, you stay here, and I will go and pacify Mr. Fuzby," and he goes off. Tom, going up to Tim and shaking his fist at him, says: "Oh, my fine fellow! Harry and I will soon smash your purty face! Missus has promised to reward us for it. Won't it be fun?" Then as he turns his back, Tim strikes him with his club. Tom roars out, and runs across. Laura rushes up and stands in attitude before Tim. Tom, staring at her in astonishment, says: "Were that you, Miss?" Laura says: "Touch it not at your peril!" Tom says: "Oh! I'll go and tell Missus!" and runs off. Laura (to Tim as he descends from the pedestal) says: "Be quiet, or you'll ruin all! Here comes Mr. Granite with Mr. Fuzby for his statues. Now, couldn't you, Tim, contrive to represent them? There are all the things quite ready to your hand." Tim says: "Well, Miss, to oblige you I'll do almost anything." Tim reascends the pedestal. Mr. Granite and Mr. Fuzby enter. Granite says: "This way, sir. I'll explain. You see, my dear sir, you are so impatient; you mustn't calculate upon a sculptor as you would upon a mason." Fuzby says: "The four statues, sir—are the four statues for my villa done? are they done, sir?" Granite says: "Yes, sir; that is, sir—" Fuzby says: "Then where are they, sir?—if done where are they?" Granite says: "When I say done, I mean begun. I mean—" Fuzby says: "Very well, sir; I must have ocular demonstration. Unless I see the figures, I withdraw my order. In the first place, where is my Ajax Defying the Thunder? Granite says: "Mr. Fuzby, upon my honor, sir, the four statues are all but done; they are in the niches behind us; but I have a morbid dislike to exhibit a half-completed work." Mr. Fuzby says: "I'll bet you twenty dollars you don't show me Ajax." Granite says: (aside.) "What shall I do?" Tim looks at him, says: "Take it," and puts himself in the position of Ajax. Granite, starting, says: "Murder!" Mr. Fuzby says: "Zounds! What's the matter?" Granite says: "The statue!" Fuzby says: "What statue?" Granite (pointing) says: "There! there!" Fuzby looks, gives him a purse, says: "I beg your pardon; and there's the twenty dollars." Looking at Tim. "Splendid! beautiful! How life-like! Mrs. Rams, entering, says: "Oh, Mr. Granite! when did you do that?" Granite says: "Upon my word I don't know! I'm in a maze!" Fuzby says: "Now for my Gladiator; can't I see my Dying Gladiator?" Granite says: "Impossible." Fuzby says: "But I must see him." Granite looks at Tim, says: "I don't think it possible, but—" Tim nods assent, and Laura gives him the helmet, sword and shield, which Tim puts on, and assumes the position of the Dying Gladiator. "If you will have patience you can see it on the pedestal before you. Behold!" Fuzby looks, says: "Wonderful! wonderful!" Mrs. Rams says: "Well, I never saw

a dying alligator so life like before." Fuzby, laughing, says: "Not done, eh? So you wanted to surprise me? Now, then, now for my Atlas Supporting the World." Granite, looking at Tim, says: "Let me see; can I show Atlas? Is it sufficiently forward?" Tim says: "All's right," and nods to him. Granite says: "Well, if you will insist, I will show you Atlas. Behold!" Tim is holding the profile globe like Atlas. Fuzby looks, says: "Admirable! beautiful!" Mrs. Rams says: "Is that Hatlas, the great map maker? It's very handsome; but why do you give him such a stoop in the shoulders?" Fuzby says: "And now my last statue, and then the contract is fulfilled. Now for my Venus at the Bath." Granite says: "To be sure, to be sure!" looking at Tim, who shakes his head in refusal. "Zounds! Why, the fact is, I assure you Venus is not very forward." Mrs. Rams says: "Now, for my part, I always thought her very forward indeed." Laura gives Tim some drapery or a lace curtain. Granite says: "You can't see Venus." Tim looks at him, and nods, says: "All's right!" and takes his position with the drapery about him. Fuzby says: "But I must; there's but one more, and I must see that." Granite says: "Well, if you say you must, then behold your Venus!" Points to Tim. Fuzby looks hastily, says: "That Venus!" Granite says: "Perfect—a great improvement on the antique!" Fuzby says: "Well, I don't think that's so very happy; however, you have fulfilled the contract," giving notes. "There's the money—but I should like another peep; let me see them altogether." Granite says: "No, no; you shall have them home to-morrow." Calls: "Here, Tom! Harry! open the door." He pushes Fuzby off, and goes off with him. Mrs. Rams says: "This is all remarkably strange! How did Mr. Granite obtain these statues? There was not one here this morning; I saw none enter but Hercules, which was placed in the studio here." She sees Tim moving and laughing at her; she screams: "A ghost! a spirit," and runs off at the side. Tim, descending from pedestal and going to Laura, says: "Now, Miss, I think it is our turn to escape; for if they find me out they will pound me in a mortar." Laura says: "But where is Charles all this while?" Tim says: "He is waiting at the confectioner's round the street; doubtless he is eating ice cream, whilst I am to be beaten to a jelly; then I'll scream too. The letter I gave you will tell you what to do." Laura says: "I will but enter my room, and ere my jailer returns away and join him." She runs off hastily. Tim says: "Well, I'm in a pretty fix. I can't go in the street in this condition; and so must wait until Charles comes to release me." Tom (without) says: "Come along, Harry. We'll soon settle Master Hercules." Tim, ascending the pedestal, says: "Oh, you will, will you? Not while I got this club to protect myself." (Enter Tom and Harry with a sledge-hammer and a crowbar.) Tom says: "Now, Harry, Missus says she'll pay us well if we break him to pieces." Harry says: "Oh, crikey, Tom! I'll bet you two to one I fetches his noddle off at one blow with this here crowbar." Tom says: "Do; I means to have a fly at his pins.

"Oh, good gracious! won't I split 'em!" Harry says: "Here goes for a crack on his scone!" They approach Tim, who knocks them down with his club. Tim descends from the pedestal, and moves forward to the statue music of Don Giovanni, and then he walks Tom to right and Harry to left, and he stands in center; music stops, and the clock strikes one. Harry says: "Oh, Lord, oh, dear! it has struck one." Tim says: "Yes, and I'll strike two." He swings the club over his head and knocks them down on each side. Tom says: "Oh, goodness gracious! master has turned Frankenstein, and this is the monster he has created!" He starts at them, and they get up and roar out, "Murder! murder!" as they run off on each side. Tim laughs and goes on the pedestal again as Hercules. Mr. Fuzby and Granite enter. Mr. Fuzby says: "What means all this confusion?—your doors open! the house haunted! Where is the arch fiend?" Granite says: "Didn't you see it? (Points over his back.) Didn't you see it?" Fuzby says: "See it!—see what?" Granite says: "The devil; he was here but just now." Tim groans. "There's an infernal groan! Do you see nothing now?" Fuzby says: "No—yes, I see your statue move." Granite says: "Be careful. Take care of him, of Hercules." Fuzby says: "Bless me! it must be a very great curiosity." Granite says: "Yes, it is a great curiosity, a mechanical statue." Fuzby, taking snuff, says: "Aye, moves on wires, I suppose?" Tim leans over and takes a pinch of snuff and puts it up his nose, and then stands in attitude. "Dear me, only think of the perfection of human ingenuity!" Tim sneezes. "Beautiful articulation of sound! How nearly an approach to reality!" Tim jumps down. "Actually made to move at discretion! Excellently managed, and wonderfully contrived." Tim walks Fuzby to one corner and



Fig. 17.

Granite to the other. Granite says (aside): "'Tis contrived by the devil for my destruction!" Fuzby (admiringly) says: "Magical perfection of art!" Tim kicks him. "Heyday! by all that's wicked, 'tis flesh and blood! Call in the police! Who are you?" Tim says: "Hercules, old buffer!" Granite (calling) says: "Here, Tom! Harry! where are you all?" Tim beats Granite and Fuzby round the studio. Then re-enter Tom and Harry. Tim knocks them down. Then knocks Mr. Fuzby down, and stands over him in attitude with his club raised. [See Fig. 17.] Then re-enter Charles, Laura and Mrs. Rams. Tom and Harry sneak off if there is not room enough to show them. Charles says: "Hold, Tim! spare poor Mr. Fuzby, you know he is my uncle." Fuzby, rising in surprise, says: "What! my nephew and Laura?" Mrs. Rams says: "Yes; your nephew Charles here has married my daughter, in spite of the strong compunctions I laid upon her not to do so." Granite says: "Ah, now I see it all! (To Charles.) You are the rascal of a Jew." Charles says, in his assumed voice: "Yes, ma tear, I am." Granite says: "And your servant is—" Tim bows to him, and says: "Hercules, King of Clubs." Then Tim sings to the tune of "The Cure :—"

"Kind friends, pray give a smile so bright,
And critics spare your rubs;
Pray pardon all the faults to-night
Of Tim, the King of Clubs."

Then all the characters sing the same and commence to jump *a la Cure*, and then each jumps over the light. Tim, the last one, keeps on jumping and singing, and finally jumps over the light.

THE NEGRO MINSTRELS ; OR, THE AFRICAN SERENADERS.

This can be made a very pleasing and laughable sketch if the intending performers can sing and play on different instruments, or a small band may be engaged, and the performers go through the action of playing, and all that is required is the instruments and four very common chairs, as small as possible. The performance will need to be rehearsed until the performers feel perfect and confident of success. It can be done almost *ad libitum*, the performer doing and saying just as he pleases to make up a good pleasing programme, and one that will harmonize with the performer's abilities and tastes. I will just give a little sketch of a programme of the songs that might be sung, and also some stories or gags that might be told, laying no claim to originality or brilliance, but writing them just as they occur to my mind, and only offering this as a rule or guide to other programmes that the performers may select. In an ordinary sized parlor there will be only room for four performers on the stage, so that their shadows will show on the sheet. These can consist of a leader, with his violin, a flute-player, and a man with

the bones or clappers at one side, and a man with the tamborine at the other side. These last two are called the end men, and the jokes they tell are called by them gags. The leader can act as the middle man or interlocutor, and the other instruments, composing the band, can be placed back of the light, or on each side, where they will not be seen. The performers must sit sideways to the light, or in profile, and so that their shadows can all be seen as if in a line or half circle. It will be well to observe the diagram. [See Fig. 18.] The performers need not black their faces, as the

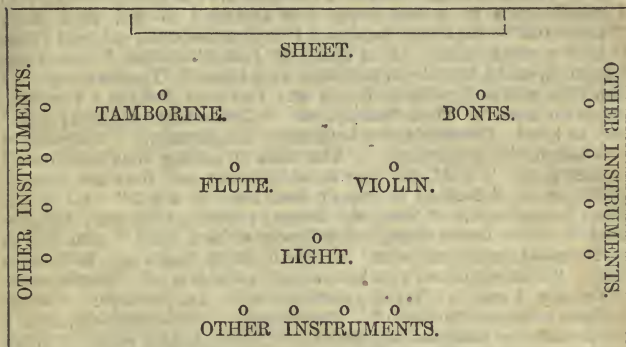


Fig. 18.

shadows will show black; but they will require to wear large bushy negro wigs, and comical looking collars, dress-coats, &c. It can be commenced by their walking in, and taking their places by their chairs; then the man with the tamborine gives it a rap, and all bow, and then sit down, the end man saying: "Good evening, white folks." The leader says: "We will now commence the evening's entertainment with the grand introductory overture to Martha" or to "Tancredi," after which he says: "Well, Mr. Bones, and how do you feel this evening?" He says: "Well, Sam, I feel putty scrumptious." Then the leader says: "And Mr. Tamborine how is it with you, sir?" He says: "I feel bully." Leader says: "Now, we'll have the opening chorus, 'Hail Smiling Morn,' " or "Down the River," after which the leader says: "Well, Bones, where were you going when I saw you this afternoon?" Bones laughs, and says: "Did you see me?" Leader says: "Of course I did; you had a young lady on your arm." Bones says: "Did you see that piece of calico? Ain't she some, eh? I was going to get married to that girl, only for one little accident." Leader says: "Why, what was the accident?" Bones says: "Well, you see, Sam, when I was courting her, I thought I'd like to make her a very nice present; so I went to the store, and I bought her the nicest

little present you ever see. Can you guess what it was?" Leader says: "A gold chain." Bones says: "No." Flutes says: "A bracelet." Bones says: "No." Tamborine says: "I know—a plate of hash." Bones says: "Ain't you smart. No, gentlemen, it was neither of those, it was a beautiful little kitten cat." Leader says: "Well, that was a very nice present, especially if the lady was fond of pets." Bones says: "Of course she was. Wasn't she fond of me?" All laugh. "Well, sir, I took her the little cat, with a nice red ribbon round its neck, and she was so pleased, she took the cat and hugged it, and I thought she was going to eat it; so I called again in a few days, and she says to me, says she: "Augustus"—that's my name—"I've christened the cat, and given it such a pretty name. I've called it Julia;"—at that I busted out laughing, and I have been laughing ever since." Leader says: "I don't see what there is to laugh at. I'm sure Julia is a very nice name for a cat." Then Bones says: "That's what she said; but—ha! ha! ha!—I couldn't stop laughing. Leader says: "Why should you laugh?" Bones says: "The idea of calling that cat Julia." Leader says: "Well, sir, why shouldn't they call that cat Julia?" Bones says: "Because he wasn't that kind of a cat." All laugh. Then leader says: "Now, Mr. Bones, you can sing your favorite song." Then Bones sings, "I'd Choose to be a Baby," with chorus and musical accompaniment. After which the leader says to Tamborine: "Tambo, I hear you have been in the army." Tambo says: "Yes, sir, I was in all the great battles." Leader says: "What regiment did you belong to?" Tambo says: "The forty-eleventh—the last in the field and the first out of it." Leader says: "Were you ever wounded?" Tambo says: "Yes, sir; I was always in the fight, where the balls were the thickest—under the ammunition wagon—that's where I was wounded." Leader says: "Wounded! and how?" Tambo says: "I was kicked by a mule." All laugh. He says: "You needn't laugh. At the battle of Chickamauga seven balls peirced this manly bosom." Leader says: "Seven balls! what, cannon-balls?" Tambo says: "No." Leader says: "Musket-balls?" Tambo says: "No." Leader says: "Rifle-balls?" Tambo says: "No." Leader says: "Then what kind of balls were they?" Tambo says: "Codfish-balls." All laugh. And he says: "And I could stand as many again." Leader says: "Now we'll have the song, 'Annie Laurie.'" This can be sung by the leader or a voice outside, the performers on the stage accompanying it with their music. After which the leader says: "Bones, I think I heard you say once thât you were in the late war?" Bones says: "Yes, sir, I was dar." Leader says: "What regiment were you with?" Bones says: "I was with the five hundred and ninth, where the colored troops fought nobly." Leader says: "Well, what noble or brave action did you ever do?" Bones says: "What did I ever do! why, I made a whole regiment run!" Leader says: "What! made a whole regiment run? Why, sir, how did you, one single soldier, make a whole regiment run?" Bones says: "Why, I ran away, and they all ran after me." Leader laughs, and says:

"Was that the only brave action you ever done?" Bones says: "No, sir'ee; once, when I was out as a scout, I came across three of our enemeses." Leader says: "Hold up, Bones, enemies you mean." Bones says: "No I don't; I mean enemeses. I know what I mean." Leader says: "No, sir; there is no such word; you must say enemies if there were more than one." Bones says: "Now look here, if there is one you say enemy, don't you?" Leader says: "Yes." Bones says: "And if there is two, you say enemies, don't you?" Leader says: "Yes." Bones says: "Well, then if there is three, you must say enemeses." All laugh. "Well, sir, as I was saying, I met these three enemeses, and drawing my sword quickly from the scabbard I cut off their legs off." Leader says: "Cut their legs off! why didn't you cut their heads off?" "Bones says: "Some one had been there before and saved me the trouble." All laugh. Leader says: "Now, Mr. Tambo, we'll have a comic song from you, called 'Matilda Baker.'" Tambo then sings the song, with chorus and musical accompaniment. After which leader says: "Tambo, I understand you are a very good scholar." Tambo says: "Yes, sir; ask me something hard." Leader says: "Well, sir, can you tell me what is a focus?" Tambo says: "Oh, ask me something hard, anybody knows that." Leader says: "Well, sir, if you know what a focus is, please to tell the ladies and gentlemen." Tambo says: "Why a focus is a—place where they raise calves." Leader laughs and says: "Raise calves! nonsense! I thought you didn't know. No, sir; a focus is a place where the rays meet." Tambo says: "Well, ain't calves meat?" Leader laughs, and says: "Well, you are right in your way." Tambo says: "When my teacher heard me give that answer he squeeze my hand." Leader says: "You're wrong; he squeezed your hand you mean." Tambo says: "No, sir; he squeeze my hand I mean, and I'll prove it." Leader says: "Well, sir, how will you prove it?" Tambo says: "Well, sir, don't you say, when you are talking of the grammar of rising up in the morning, rise, rose, risen?" Leader says: "Yes." Tambo says: "Well, haven't I got a right to say, squeeze, squeeze and squizen?" All laugh. Leader says: "Now we'll have the Sleigh-ride Song and chorus." Each end man sings a verse, and all join in for the chorus. Use sleigh-bells for the jingling, and common torpedoes for the imitation of the whip-cracking. After which Bones says: "I don't like sleigh-riding, it's too cold. Give me a nice comfortable seat in the cars. What do you say boys? let's all take a trip on the cars to Philadelphia?" Leader and others say: "All right. All aboard the cars." Then the music strikes up the Railroad Gallop, with imitations of the bell for the start. Conductor sings out, all aboard, whistle blows, and an imitation of the cars in motion is made by rubbing a piece of iron on a piece of sheet-iron to the motion of the engine. The men on stage lean back in their chairs, as if asleep, and rock about as if by the motion of the cars. Then the conductor comes in with his lantern and takes the tickets. Then all sleep and rock about again harder than before. Whistle

sounds, gong strikes, and noise of an explosion, and all the passengers tumble over their chairs, and some one puts something in front of light and takes the light off sheet. Then all get up and move their chairs and go back of light; then move screen from light; then let the passengers jump over light and fall down promiscuously on top of one another; then put out the light.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH ; OR, THE MODEL PRIZE FIGHT.

This requires the following properties : A pair of boxing-gloves ; two large quart bottles ; two large sponges ; and regular prize-ring costume for the two principals.

I do not wish to be thought an advocate for introducing the prize-ring into the parlor, or of having fathers, sons, and brothers practicing how they can pummel each other about, with the intention of aspiring to the chief honors of the prize-ring, or magic circle, as it is sometimes called ; but there is so much humor in the following sketch, that the temptation was too great to resist, and then such ridiculous antics can be indulged in, that will convulse your audience with laughter, and, I hope, obtain a pardon for me for introducing a subject that many might object to. This can be commenced by having the four corner pieces of pasteboard on the sheet, in order to make the circle or moon, the same as in the Madcap Barber, or the Amputation Extraordinary, which you can refer to for explanation ; and when the sheet is properly illuminated, let one of the principals and his second jump over the light, and stand near the sheet ; then the second slaps the other one on the back, and says : " Well, we are here first ; that is one point gained. The stringent laws against prize-fighting in the United States have driven the boys off, until now they have not a place there where they can amuse themselves in the manly art of self-defense ; but, luckily, when your match was made, I bethought me of this place, where there are no such laws, and where people can do and talk as they please ; so here we are in the moon, with the man in the moon's permission, and we can fight it out here without interruption. What says my manly, muscular friend ? are you ready ? " Then principal says : " Yes, sir," and throws himself into various fighting attitudes. " I only wish he was here now ; I'd show him how I'd pummel him to a jelly. Oh, where is he ? why don't he come ? " and he jumps about and gets excited, and throws himself into all sorts of positions, wants to fight his second, &c. Then his second says : " You want to see your antagonist very bad, do you ? Well, you will soon have your wish gratified, for there he comes down the hill over there. Look ! " and he points off at right side. Principal says : " Where is he ? where is he ? " His second points over to the right side. Then principal says : " Let me go and get at him," and he goes over to the right side ;

then he turns and walks off the other way, saying : "Where is he ? where is he ?" His second calls out : "Here ! you are going the wrong way. Come back ! Not that way ! not that way !" and he runs off after him. Then the other principal and his second enter (to make a distinction now I will call these gentlemen fighter No. 2 and second No. 2, the others by No. 1) by jumping over the light, and crying out : "Huzza ! we are here first ; we have got them scared," and both laugh very heartily. Then fighter No. 2 throws himself into various fighting positions and attitudes, and says : "For the last three weeks I have been studying 'Boxing Made Easy,' and 'Owen Swift on the Manly Art of Self-Defense,' and I have got it all so perfect, and with the assistance you have given me in my training, that I feel in perfect health and strength, and able to wrest the belt from forty such fellows as him who challenged me. Oh, I only wish he was here now ; I'd soon cook his mutton for him." Second No. 2 says : "Well, we have arrived here first, and the time is nearly up, and if your opponent does not arrive at the stipulated time, I shall claim the stakes without a fight, only that would be too bad to have to go home without the satisfaction of a little set-to." Fighter No. 2 says : "No, sir, not if I know it. I came here to fight—I want to fight—I must fight somebody. Why, I'm spoiling for a fight, and if he don't come I'll fight you, or any one else that will step into the magic circle." And he throws himself into all sorts of fighting attitudes. Second No. 2 says : "Well, I'm glad you are so anxious to fight ; for, look there ! (points off left) there is your opponent coming on like mad, and vengeance in his eyes, and looks for all the world as if he would crush any one that opposes him." Fighter No. 2 says : "Is he coming ? where ? where is he ? Let me get at him ! I can't wait ; let me tear him to pieces ! I'll go and meet him half way." And he walks over to the side that second No. 2 pointed, then makes a quick turn, and goes off the other side running, and saying : "Let me get at him !" Second No. 2 says (calling after him : "No ! no ! here, come back ! not that way," and he runs after him. Then fighter No. 1 runs in, followed by his second, and says : "Where is he ? I have been looking all about here, and can't find him. I'll make him suffer for this. Oh, only wait till I get hold of him, won't I pummel him ?" Then he throws himself into various attitudes, strikes out, and jumps about as if he was fighting. Then second No. 1 says (aside) : "I'll fool him this time." Then to fighter No. 1 he says : "Look, there he is now ; go for him." Then fighter No. 1 goes to the side that he pointed, and then turns and goes off the other way, when he meets fighter No. 2 coming on ; both the fighters go to run away, but their seconds catch them and stop them from running off ; and tell them that time is up, and they must fight. Both appear a little frightened when the seconds call out time, and they both walk to the center and shake hands, (they have the boxing-gloves on.) Then fighter No. 1 hits the fighter No. 2 in the face, and he goes crying to his second, and says : "That was not fair, he hit me first before I was ready."

Second No. 1 calls first blood! Fighter No. 1 struts about as if he was pleased at his success, and second applauds him and calls out time. The two fighters walk to the center and commence to spar with their hands, and jump away from any intended blows. Then fighter No 2 hits fighter No. 1 a good blow in the head and knocks him down, and he feels very proud, and struts about, and imitates a rooster crowing, in token of triumph. Second No. 2 calls: "First knock down!" Fighter No. 1 gets up by the aid of his second, and rubs his eye, and the second sponges him down, and gives him to drink from a bottle, which he takes eagerly; then pours some from the bottle into his hand and rubs it on his eye. Fighter No. 2, seeing the other getting refreshments, asks his second to give him a little of that eye-water. His second laughs, and gets a bottle, and sets him on his knee and gives him the bottle, and he drinks out of it, and says he feels much better. Then second No. 2 stands him up ready, and then calls time. Then the two fighters advance to the center, and keep on sparring, without any attempt to hit each other, and as soon as one makes an attempt to give a blow, the other jumps back out of reach, and dodges and strikes around as if fighting with his antagonist. Then, after a pause, each looking at the other, and sparring a little bit, they advance cautiously to the center, and after making two or three blows at each other, they clinch together, and then pummel each other, and fall down and roll over, and then get up, when fighter No. 1 pushes fighter No. 2 away from him, then hits him a powerful looking blow in the stomach and knocks him down, and his second comes to him and picks him up and carries him to his own side, and gives him the bottle to drink as he sits on his knee; he drinks from the bottle and recovers a little, then drinks again, and rubs his stomach with the bottle. Fighter No. 1 goes and sits on his second's knee, and laughs very loudly and heartily, and asks, "How's that? That was a socdolager!" and laughs again, and says: "I've got him scared now. I don't think he will want much more of that sort, eh?" Then the second offers him a bottle, and he drinks. Then the seconds, with the large sponges, wipe the men's faces and rub their bodies down. Then stand them up, and push them to the center and call time. The men advance, and after some cautious sparring, and jumping away on the part of each one as the other makes a blow or feint, they close together and have a regular scuffle; towards the end they seem to get tired and weak, and stop, stand up and push the other off, and each man hits his opponent a blow in the head at the same time and they both stagger and fall back in the arms of their seconds, as if they had fainted. The seconds take the fighters on each side, and give them drink from the bottles and sponge them down and try to make them stand up on their feet, but the men seem too weak, and fall all loosely on the floor. The seconds pick them up again and hold them up on their feet, and then call time. The men on hearing it revive a bit, and the seconds push the men up together in center, and leave them; they both stagger about as if intoxicated, and try to make feeble blows at each other, and keep putting

their fists softly in the other's face. Then they push each other away and stand apart, and let their hands fall by their sides, as if they were too weak to strike, and try to steady themselves from falling. Then they look up, and each blow at the other with his mouth, and both fall back on the floor. Then the seconds each pick up their men, and when they get them up the fighters each recover quickly, and then turn and commence to beat and pummel their seconds. Then after a time, each one hits his friend or second a severe blow behind and knocks him over the light. Then the two fighters look up, and both burst out laughing, look at each other a few seconds, then advance with their hands extended, and they shake hands and embrace; then turn and take arms and walk across as if they were talking very confidentially together, when some one outside calls out loudly, "Police!" and they both get to center, and both jump over the light at the same time, and still arm in arm.

THE MAGIC CASK; OR, THE INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE APPRENTICE.

The properties required for this laughable comic pantomime are: a table and chair; a large plate full of small pieces of bread, about an inch square; a small flour barrel, and a larger barrel with one of the heads out and a very large bung-hole; it must be a very light barrel so a man inside can walk about with it on his head (if boys do this a flour barrel will be large enough for the large barrel); two wooden mallets, and two pieces of wood, made like the irons that coopers use for knocking the iron-hoops down on barrels (these we will call wedges); a short candle and candle-stick, and some sticks; a bottle.

N. B.—Each performer should have his own book for any of these performances, so that the parts may be studied at home.

This is commenced by what theatrical artists call a discovery; that is, that when the doors are opened, or when the light is thrown or reflected on the sheet, the performers that are required on the stage are seen or discovered there as in a picture—thus: The chair and table are near the center, and the large barrel is on the right hand side, and the smaller one is on the left hand side; the clown, who is the idle apprentice, is asleep, standing beside and leaning on the large barrel; Humpy, a deformed hunchback, is hard at work on the small barrel—he is the industrious apprentice, and the favorite of the old man, who wishes him to marry his daughter, but she objects to him on account of his deformity, and because she is in love with the handsome young man who lives close by, and comes to see her as soon as he watches the old man leave the house on business. To commence, Humpy is working hard and knocking on his wedge as if he was knocking the hoops down upon the barrel; then he

pauses for an instant to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and, looking up, he sees the clown on the other side, leaning on the barrel and fast asleep. He then goes over to him and taps him on the shoulder and wakes him up, and in action, tells him to go to work, as the old man will soon be here, and will beat him if he has not done enough work. The clown yawns, and tells him to go and do his own work and mind his own business, and leave him alone, and that he doesn't care, he does too much work for the pay he gets. Humpy goes to work on his barrel, and clown laughs at him, and motions he is not so foolish as to work hard; then yawns and goes to sleep. By this time Humpy has worked once round his barrel, and motions that clown has gone to sleep again, and he will go and tell the old man of it, and he steps lightly off to the side, and comes back with the old man following him, and points to the clown asleep. The old man looks at the clown very angrily, and motions to Humpy to go on with his work. He does so, chuckling to himself that clown will get a beating from old man. Then old man goes over to clown and looks at him closely and motions he is asleep—gets angry and slaps the clown on the shoulder, who, being suddenly woke up, commences to work very vigorously, and in striking the mallet about at random he hits the old man with it in the stomach, and he motions pain, and threatens the clown, who then apologizes to him, and the old man motions him to go to work. He does so, and the old man goes and sits at the table as if in very great pain. As soon as his back is turned clown laughs at the old man and imitates him, and walks very lazily round the barrel. Then looks over and sees Humpy, and motions it was him went and told the old man. He then looks over and accuses him of it. Humpy nods his head, and motions he did, and will always tell when he does not do his work. At this the clown gets angry and shows his mallet and runs to hit Humpy just as the old man is coming to speak to Humpy, and clown, in mistake, hits old man on the head and knocks him down; then runs over to his work very frightened. Humpy picks up the old man and puts him in the chair, and old man rubs his head and threatens clown, and says he shall not have any supper. Then clown cries and old man tells him to work. He does so, but keeps on threatening Humpy, who is working on the other side. Then old man motions them to stop their quarreling and go to work. Then old man sits to table and claps his hands, and calls. Then his daughter Lena enters, and in action asks what he wants; he tells her to go off and prepare the supper and bring it on. She bows and goes off. Clown sees her and throws kisses to her as she goes off, over the old man's shoulder, which the old man hears, and raises up to see what it is, and clown throws a kiss right to old man's face. He then slaps clown's face and kicks him, and sends him to work. He goes to work, and Humpy laughs at him; he threatens him. Lena enters, and seeing him, holds up her finger to him, and he stops and throws kisses to her. Old man looks up, and clown, seeing him, goes to work very briskly. She puts a large plate of pieces of bread on the table,

and also a bottle, and then she goes off. Old man calls Humpy and gives him some of the bread, and motions he may go off and sleep, as he has been very good, and pats his head. Humpy goes off, and old man calls clown up, and he comes to the table quickly and takes up the bottle to drink, when the old man takes it from him, and motion it is for me. Clown motions he wants a drink. Old man motions him to go off to the pump and drink water. Clown motions he don't like it, and wants something to eat. Old man gives him one of the pieces of bread, which clown holds up between his thumb and finger and looks at it, shades his eyes, &c., then throws up the bread like a ball and hits it with his mallet and knocks it over the light, and presses in his stomach, then reluctantly goes to work. Old man eats as much of the bread as he conveniently can, and leaves a few pieces on the dish, then rubs his stomach as if he felt very much refreshed, and goes over to the small barrel and takes up the mallet and wedge used by Humpy and commences to work on the barrel. As he works around, clown runs to the table and steals a piece of bread, and puts it in his mouth and runs back to his work laughing and eating, and as the old man works round again, clown again goes to the table, but as he goes he keeps beating on the wedge in his hand, and as he goes to take bread with one hand he beats on the table with his mallet, and takes bread and puts several pieces in his mouth, and goes back to his barrel, hitting on the wedge all the time. Old man is working round and sees clown walking from the table and eating; he suspects clown of stealing, and he motions he will watch him. He goes to work again. Clown looks over and laughs, and goes to table again, and is about taking bread, when old man goes up and hits on the table with the mallet, near to clown's fingers. He jumps about, shakes his hand and puts his finger in his mouth and motions pain. Old man sends him to work again, and he moves the table over to one side. Then old man calls clown and tells him to go off and fetch his coat, hat and cane. Clown asks for a repetition of the order, and the old man gets angry, and gives him a kick and he jumps over the light. Then the old man moves the table over to one side, and then claps his hands, and clown jumps back again over the light with old man's hat on his head and his coat and cane in his hands. Clown throws the cane down on old man's toes, and he motions pain and threatens clown, who holds up his coat, and old man puts one arm in the sleeve, and the clown puts his arm in the other sleeve, and they both knock together. Old man hits clown, and he pulls his arm out and puts the coat on at the back. Then turns old man round and catches the coat by the collar and lifts it up two or three times, and finally lifts the old man off his feet and throws him down on his face, and laughs. The old man raps on the floor for clown to come and pick him up, and he does so, and gives the old man his cane to lean on, and as the old man is leaning on it, clown kicks it at the bottom, and the old man falls on his face. Clown laughs at him, and turns away in order to enjoy his mirth. The old man gets up, and seeing clown laughing at him, he beats him on the back

with his stick, and clown turns and apologizes. Old man asks for his hat, and clown looks about for it, and motions he cannot see it. Old man takes his hand and puts it upon the hat on his head. Clown laughs, takes it off and gives it to the old man, who puts it on, and motions to clown for him to follow him, and he goes off. The clown watches him off, and looks at the table, and says he will go and steal some; as he goes to it the old man comes back, and seeing him stealing, says, "Ah!" and clown stops and dances where he is. Old man calls him and tells him to follow him. He nods yes, and old man walks off, and clown follows him until he gets to the side, then he turns and runs back to the table and steals some bread, and is cramming it in his mouth when old man comes back, and, seeing clown, hits him on the back, and accuses him of eating. Clown in action denies it and shows his cheek, all swollen with the bread he has in his mouth, and intimates he has much pain with the toothache. Old man motions he is sorry, and for him to follow him. Old man goes off; clown goes to follow, but then turns and laughs and eats the bread he has in his mouth, and then goes over to the table and steals all the bread and puts it in his pocket, and runs off after the old man. Then as soon as they are gone, Walter jumps over the light and motions he has come to see the girl he loves, and claps his hands three times, and Lena enters, and they embrace, and he tells her he watched her father go out, and then he came to see if she would run away with him and get married, and he shows her a purse, and she runs to him and they embrace and kiss. Then Humpy enters, and parts them, and says they have been kissing and he will tell the old man, and he goes to go off. They pull him back, and ask in action for him not to tell. He motions give me money and I will not. Walter gives him some money from the purse, and he goes to go off, and the lovers embrace and kiss again, and Humpy returns and demands more money. Walter motions he paid him once and he will not pay him again. Then Humpy runs off after the old man. Then Lena gets afraid that he will be discovered, and tells him to hide somewhere. He goes to run off, but she pulls him back and motions him to get in the large barrel; she turns the barrel down and he gets in it, and she puts the barrel upright, with the head that is in up. Then she runs off. Then old man enters with Humpy, who motions to him that Lena and her lover were here kissing. Old man motions he is good because he has told, and motions that he can go to bed and he will watch. Humpy goes off, and Lena enters, and her father motions her to go off and go to bed, but she wants to stay where she is, but the old man after some trouble pushes her off. Then turns and claps his hands, and the clown enters, and he tells him to go to work on the large barrel. Clown motions he wants to go to sleep, but the old man tells him to work. Old man moves the table, and in doing so he sees all the bread is gone, and motions that clown done it, and threatens him. Clown stands by the barrel, and Walter hits clown on the leg by putting his arm out of the bung-hole and pulling his arm back quickly. Clown looks round

to see who done it, and as old man enters he gives him a slap in the face, and accuses him of hitting him on the leg. Old man denies it, and tells him to go to work; and he does so, and old man goes to work on the small barrel. Walter hits clown again, and he goes and kicks old man, and accuses him of kicking him, which old man denies, and sends him to work again. Clown goes by barrel and stands watching old man, when Walter hits him again on the leg. Clown thinks it is some one on the other side of the barrel, and he throws his mallet over the barrel and then runs round to see who it hit, and sees no one there, and gets very angry, and says in action he will not work, and leans his elbow on barrel, and resting his head on his hand goes to sleep. Old man looks up and sees him, and claps his hands, and motions clown to go to work. He walks round the barrel, and hits the wedge with the mallet, but does not touch the barrel, and goes round as if half asleep. Old man seeing clown at work, then goes on with his own work. Then, while clown is walking round the barrel, Walter, who is inside, raises up with the barrel and walks over to the old man and bumps the barrel against him, and then sets the barrel on the ground and remains quiet. Old man looks up, and sees clown hammering his wedge and walking round the same as if the barrel was there. He goes over to clown and kicks him, and he looks astonished to see his barrel gone. Clown accuses old man of moving it on the other side, and old man accuses clown of knocking his barrel up against him; and then old man moves his barrel on to the other side, and tells clown to go over and go to work on the large barrel. Then they commence to work again, and the clown stops to laugh at the old man, and when he is not looking Walter raises up in the barrel and carries it over to old man and knocks it against him. Clown turns and sees the barrel going, and runs to catch it, at the same time the old man looks round to see who is moving the barrel, and seeing the clown by the barrel he thinks he has discovered the offender, and hits him on the head with his mallet. Clown falls, and gets up motioning great pain, and in action asks old man what he hit him for. Old man motions how he saw him push the large barrel over to knock against him. Clown shakes his head and denies it. Old man again moves his own barrel on the opposite side, and tells the clown to go to work. He does so very reluctantly, and the old man motions he is very tired and will go off and go to sleep. He then moves his barrel and the table off, and goes off himself. Clown still continues working on his own barrel, when he looks, and seeing the old man gone, he motions he has gone to bed, and cannot see him, and leans his arms on the barrel and his head on his arms and goes to sleep; when Walter raises up the barrel, and then clown looks round to see who done it, but not seeing any one he goes to sleep again. Then Walter raises up the barrel again, and as clown wakes up and looks, Walter dances the barrel up again. Clown watches it dancing, rubs his eyes, then runs off, and pulls on old man by the coat-tail, and motions to him what he saw. Old man looks at the barrel, which is still now, and shakes his head,

and tells the clown to go to work again, and he goes off. Clown then looks at the barrel, and Walter dances it up again, and dances after clown, who retreats in fear, and then turns and runs off. Walter takes the barrel back, and clown runs in with old man and tells him to look, but as the old man sees the barrel quite still he tells clown his head is crazy, and he goes off. Clown says he is not afraid and he will go and listen; he does so, and Walter pulls his ear; he calls out with pain and runs off. Then he enters with a lighted candle in a candle-stick. He holds it up, and trembles very much. He is followed by the old man and Humpy, who are clinging to each other's coat-tails in a line. Clown pats his breast, and motions them to be brave; they motion him to go forward; he walks slowly forward, and then turns and runs back; they are all frightened. He laughs at them, and then they all get in a line again, and go forward to the large barrel, and the clown puts the light to the bung-hole, and Walter blows it out, and they all fall down backwards, and Walter dances with the barrel amongst them, and as each one gets up and sees the barrel dancing, he motions fear and jumps over the light. Then Walter follows them with the barrel still over his head.

THE TRAGICAL DUEL; OR, THE COMICAL RIVALS.

The properties needed are a chair; some old clothes; a tailor's goose, and a sleeve-board, split half way of its length, and on the broadest part, edgewise, so when any one is hit with the flat part it will clap together where it is split and make a noise: then another sleeve-board that is split through the center of the flat, and pasted together, so when any one is hit it will split in two parts; a pistol and gun not loaded; a small bag supposed to contain pieces of gold for tailor; a shoemaker's bench and tools, a large awl, a lap-stone, hammer, old shoes, a pair of shoemaker's clamps, &c.; a purse; a large bag about a foot up and six inches wide for cobbler, and a large cabbage; broom.

This comical pantomime was performed in the Vauxhall Gardens, London, for two summer seasons, in a grand spectacular ballet pantomime, called "Harlequin Aurora," and was introduced in one scene, like the players' scenes in "Hamlet" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and was considered one of the most successful shadow performances of that day. It was commenced by the cobbler coming in and wiping his mouth, intimating he has just had his breakfast, and now has to go to work. His bench is on one side, and he goes and sits on it, and jumps up in pain, and picks up the large awl and motions that he sat upon it; then he brushes his seat off, and then sits down, and puts the lap-stone on his knee, and gets a piece of leather and commences to hammer on it, then hits his knee, drops the lap-stone, and motions he hit his knee with

the hammer, and it hurt, and he will not hammer any more, but will go on sewing the leather on the shoe that wants repairing. Then he gets a shoe and some wax-ends, and then commences to hum a tune as if singing a song to himself, and working at the same time. Then the tailor comes out, and expresses that the cobbler by his singing and hammering on his lap-stone has disturbed his rest and woke him up; and he looks very angry at the cobbler, and then puts his fingers in his ears as if distracted, and goes over to his chair and sits down and goes to work; sewing on some old coats. Then a man jumps over the light and goes to the tailor and gives him a coat to mend, and then jumps over the light again. Then a man jumps over the light and goes to the cobbler and gives him a pair of boots and indicates he wants them mended on the soles and heels. The cobbler nods, as if all right, and the man jumps over the light. Then they both go to work, and a boy jumps over the light and comes to the cobbler, and tells him to mend a shoe he gives him. The cobbler nods all right, and goes on humming his song and working. Then the tailor beckons the boy to come to him. The boy goes to him, and he gives the boy a penny, and whispers in his ear, and the boy laughs and nods. The tailor goes on working and the boy goes to the center of the sheet and gives a long whistle, and looks at the cobbler, who threatens the boy, who laughs and whistles again, when the cobbler gets his strap and jumps up to hit the boy, who avoids the blow and jumps over the light. The cobbler looks up in the air and threatens him, and goes back to his work again. The tailor laughs at him, and when cobbler is not looking, the tailor whistles at him. The cobbler looks up, and thinking it was the boy again, then threatens with his strap again, and goes to work. The tailor laughs and whistles again, then goes on with his work. The cobbler jumps up, and looks round, but cannot see the boy, and motions he will watch for him, and if he catches him he will beat him; then he goes to work again, and the tailor laughs and whistles again, and the cobbler looks round quick, and discovers who it was, and gets up and picks up the cabbage, and as the tailor turns his back to him, the cobbler throws the cabbage at him, and hits him on the back with it and knocks him down, then turns round and laughs heartily. The tailor gets up, and in a great rage, he seizes his goose, and intimates it is very hot, and he goes over and burns the cobbler behind with it, and he jumps about in pain, and goes to hit the tailor, who puts up the goose, and the cobbler puts his hand on it, and halloas in pain. Then the tailor laughs, and goes to his seat. Then the cobbler gets up and challenges him to fight with fists. The tailor agrees, and gets up, and they commence to spar around a little, and as each go to strike a blow at the other, the old man enters and comes between them, and gets the blow and falls down. They each accuse the other of killing the old man, and each motion the other will be hung. Then they lift up the old man. Then his daughter, a young girl, runs in and pushes them both away, and takes the old man—her father—off at the side. They both admire

her and kiss their hands to her as she goes off. The cobbler goes to work, and the tailor runs off after her and brings her back, and in action motions he loves her and will marry her. She pushes him off and spurns him, which the cobbler notices and laughs at. Then as she runs off, he runs after and brings her back, and kneels and makes violent and extravagant love to her, but she refuses him, and pushes him backwards, and he falls, and she runs off. The tailor laughs at the cobbler, who gets up and goes to work again. Then the old man enters, and the tailor takes him by the hand, and motions that he loves his daughter and would marry her. The old man in action asks him how much money he has, and expresses that he will give his daughter to the man who has the most money. The tailor expresses he has plenty of money, and will go and get it. And he goes off on side. Then the cobbler, who has watched the tailor talk to the old man, seizes the old man as he is going off, and brings him back, and expresses he loves his daughter and would like to marry her. The old man shakes hands with him, and asks how much money he has. The cobbler gets a purse and rattles the gold pieces in it and gives it to the old man, who takes his arm, and they are going off, when the tailor enters and pulls the old man back, and the tailor asks how much money the cobbler gave him. Old man shows the purse. The tailor laughs, and then shows the old man his bag of gold. The old man takes it very pleased, compares the weight of the purse and the bag. Then throws the purse down at the cobbler's feet, and then pushes him away, and talks to the tailor, and intimates he is the best fellow, as he has the most money, and is the best man to marry his daughter, and takes his arm, and is going off. While they have been talking, cobbler has been to his bench and picked up the bag. He puts the purse in the bag, and then puts his lap-stone in it, and then laughs, and intimates he has the largest bag of gold, and goes to old man and brings him back, and motions that he will give more gold than the tailor gave for his daughter. The old man in action asks, let me see the larger amount and I will believe you. Then the cobbler holds up his large bag and old man is astonished; takes the bag, and the weight of it pulls his arm down. Then he throws the tailor's bag at his feet, and he takes the cobbler's arm, and they walk off together, the cobbler laughing, and putting his finger to his nose at the tailor. They go off. Then the tailor walks across and across, and gets very mad, and goes to the cobbler's stand and stamps his foot on the cobbler's bench and tries to break it; then kicks it over; then walks about and pulls his hair out by the handful. (Make first a skull-cap and sew some hair loosely on it, so it can be pulled off, for the tailor to wear). Then goes and sits on his chair, and puts his face in his hands as if crying. Then a jolly young sailor (who loves the old man's daughter) runs in and expresses he has just come to see his girl, and looking over, sees the tailor, goes to him and slaps him on the back, and the sailor asks in action what is the matter. The tailor expresses that he is in despair, as his rival, the cobbler, having

more money than he had, has got the old man's consent to marry his daughter, and they have now gone off to get married. The sailor motions him to have revenge and to call his rival out, and in action expresses, I will go for the weapons to fight with while you go for your rival. The tailor agrees, and runs off, and the sailor laughs, and goes off the other way. Then the tailor enters, and pulls on the cobbler, and expresses you have stolen away the old man's consent to marry the girl I love, and I want satisfaction; you must fight me; my friend will be here soon with the weapons. The cobbler motions it is all right, and puts up his fists, and wants to fight the tailor right off; and just as they are going to fight the sailor runs on with a gun and a pistol, and gets in between them and stops them, and in action expresses that is a vulgar way to fight, and shows the weapons, and gives the tailor the gun and the cobbler the pistol, and tells them to fight with them. The tailor goes on his own side, and puts the gun up ready to shoot; when the cobbler sees it, he motions him to stop, and he tells the sailor it is not fair, that the tailor's weapon is longer than his, and he wants a long one or he will not fight at all. The sailor expresses he will try and fix it for him, and he goes off and brings on a broom, and takes the cobbler's pistol, and with a piece of string he ties it on to the broom-handle, and gives it to the cobbler, who is now quite satisfied, and tries to fire it at the tailor, who is frightened now, and motions the cobbler to stop. Then the sailor expresses that they must stand back to back, walk three paces and wheel and fire. They agree. Then the sailor places the cobbler in the center, and gets the tailor and puts him with his back up against the cobbler's, and he walks to the side. Then the cobbler sneezes, and bends over and bumps his back against the tailor and knocks him down on his face; he gets up and wants to shoot the cobbler with his gun, but the cobbler motions he could not help it, and apologizes. The sailor puts them back to back again, and motions them to start when he claps his hands, and he goes off and claps his hands, and they both run off on opposite sides. Then the sailor runs in and laughs at them, and runs off after the cobbler and pulls him back, and puts him in center and motions him not to move; then he runs off after the tailor, and pulls him back and places him as he was before. Then he goes off and claps his hands, and the tailor walks three steps and points his gun, but the cobbler walks and holds his broom up to his shoulder and tries to reach the pistol on the end of the handle, but cannot; so he motions to the tailor not to shoot; then motions he will not fight that way, but wants to fight with swords. Then he goes and gets the pair of shoemaker's clamps, and holds them like a sword, defies the tailor to mortal combat. The tailor then puts his gun down and seizes his sleeve-board, and they fight a comical combat, hitting each other as often as possible in all the prominent parts of their body, when the tailor hits the cobbler on the head with the split sleeve-board and breaks it in two. The cobbler falls as if dead. Then the tailor takes his large shears and then stabs himself with them, falls as if dead. Then

the sailor enters and laughs at them. Calls on the old man's daughter, and they embrace, and he asks her to go off and get married to him. She consents, and they run off together. Then the old man comes in looking for his daughter, but cannot see her. Sees the two rivals; calls them to get up; as they do not, he kicks them, and they get up and both beat him with the clamps and sleeve-board, and all then jump over the light together, they beating him all the time.

OLD DAME TROT AND HER COMICAL CAT.

Is commenced by having a cauldron or large iron pot in the center near the sheet, then two witches come on and dance on each side of the cauldron, then listen, and Old Dame Trot enters, and speaks :

"Sisters, well met, for lo! your magic power
Is greatly needed at this very hour.
For my pet plan, I had so hoped to carry,
Has all been spoiled, and the girl will not marry
The one I choose, but vows 'twould break her heart
Should any wed her but this Johnny Smart.
In league against me powerful fairies come,
The Queen, fair constancy, love, truth and home,
Put them to flight and 'twill accomplish all.

The other witches both say: "We will! we will!" and dance and halloa. Then Dame Trot speaks:

"What's the cause of this terrific noise?"

1st. Witch.—"We want a pantomime to please the boys."

Dame Trot.—"Why not the girls? Aye, old men and women,
A good one, too, that will go off screaming.
It's time we thought of one—what shall we call it?
Let's conjure up the book and overhaul it.
Now form a ring, the center be my station,
We'll raise a pantomime by incantation."

They form a ring, and dancing round, sing the chorus to the music of the witches in *Macbeth*:

"Around! around! around!
About! about! about!
All fun come running, running in,
All fun come running in,
To make a pantomime come out."

Then they all form around, and raise their sticks, and halloa.

1st. Witch.—Shows a paper package, and sings:

"Here's the head of a clown!"

All sing.—"Put it down, put it down!"
and she casts the paper into the iron pot.

2d. *Witch*—Shows a paper package, and sings :

“Here’s a used up pantaloon !”

All sing :— “Put it down, put it down !”

Dame Trot—Shows a paper package, and sings :

“Here’s harlequin and columbine,
These will raise a pantomime.”

She casts in her package, and they take hands and dance round, and sing the previous chorus, then she picks up the large book, and looks in it, and speaks :

“Here’s the book, though ransacked through and through,

I think we’ll pick a pantomime that’s sure to do.

I’ve struck ile—that fat,

We’ll call it *Dame Trot* and her *Comical Cat*.”

They all dance around and halloa. She stops them and speaks :

“Witches, disperse, get out, begone !

And meet me at the morning’s dawn !”

The two witches pick up the cauldron and take it off. Then the cat enters, and fawns around *Dame Trot*, who pats it and speaks :

“Come, my cat, the fairest ever seen,

Let’s go and see them dancing on the green !”

She and the cat go off. Then four girls come on, and then commence dancing, when *Johnny Stout* comes in, and tells them the old man is coming, and they all run off. Then the old man enters with *Johnny Green* carrying a large sack and staggering under the weight of it, and finally falls down with it. The old man gets angry and tells him to pick it up. He tries to do it, but motions he cannot do it, and begs the old man to come and help him. The old man goes and lifts up one end, and then *Johnny Green* stops and looks at the old man as he is struggling to lift it up. Then the old man drops the end, and seeing him laughing, he gives him a slap in the face, which *Johnny* returns with interest. Then the old man motions he must help to pick up the bag. He motions he will do so, then rubs his hands, and they both pick up the bag and put it on *Johnny’s* shoulder, but the weight is too heavy, and he falls back on the bag. The old man gets very angry, and motions him to get it up and carry it off to the mill. Then they both pick it up, and then *Johnny* pushes the bag on to the old man’s shoulders, and pushes him along. He makes him carry it, and as he gets nearly off with it *Johnny* pushes him behind with his foot, and the old man stumbles and falls out of sight with the bag. Then *Johnny* stands and laughs, and the old man enters and kicks him, and he runs off after him, and they run across two or three times, when *Dandy* enters, and *Johnny* runs up against him and knocks him down, and he runs off. Old man enters, and running, he falls over the dandy. They both get up and are going to fight, when they recognize each other, and shake hands. Then the dandy motions he has come to marry his daughter, and asks to see her.

The old man motions him to stay where he is and he will go and fetch her. Old man goes off, and dandy brushes up his hair, pulls up his collar, and then the old man enters with his daughter and motions to her that she must marry the dandy. She motions that she will not. The old man threatens her, and introduces her to the dandy. He bows very extravagantly, and Johnny looks in and is behind the dandy, and as he is bowing he pushes dandy on his face, and runs off. Then dandy gets up in a rage and threatens Johnny, who runs round to the other side. The old man pacifies the dandy, and tells him to embrace his daughter. The dandy looks pleased and prepares to embrace her, when Johnny comes in and gets in her place, and she runs off, and the dandy embraces him, then sees his mistake, and threatens him, but he stands laughing at him. He goes to hit Johnny a slap in the face, but he bends down quickly, and the dandy hits the old man, and Johnny laughs and runs off. The old man threatens the dandy and pushes him off. The dandy tries to apologize, but the old man pushes him off, and then goes in his house. Then Johnny Stout enters and calls out the old man's daughter, and they make love and embrace. Then Johnny looks in, and expresses that he will go and tell old man, and he runs off, and old man enters and parts the lovers, and tells him to go off, and pushes her in towards house. She refuses to go, but he pushes her, and she holds against him, and he pushes harder, then she runs, and the old man falls down on his face, and Johnny enters and helps the old man up, and leads him in the house. Then Johnny Stout comes on, and expresses they will not let him marry the girl he loves, and have turned him out of the house; but for revenge he will plague them a little; so he claps his hands, and then runs off. Then Johnny comes out, and looks around, and says he heard some one call, and motions he will watch for them; and he goes in again. Then Johnny Stout enters and laughs, and claps his hands and runs out on the other side. Then Johnny and the old man run out with sticks, and then beat each other until they discover their mistake. Then both apologize, and go in the house again. Then the cat comes on and walks about, and Johnny Stout enters and claps his hands and runs off. Then Johnny Green runs out with stick and beats the cat, and catches her and takes her off and returns, and motions he has thrown her in the water. Then the old man comes in and Johnny explains to him what he has done, and the old man pats him on the back, and expresses he is a good boy for doing it. Then a large bell rings, and Johnny Stout runs across, and enters with the cat. Then Dame Trot and the old man's daughter enter. Then the four characters stand two on each side ready to change their dresses. Then Dame Trot speaks:

"Ding dong bell, pussey's in the well!

Who put her in?—little Johnny Green.

Who pulled her out?—little Johnny Stout.

To punish you for your cruelty I'll begin,

By changing Johnny Stout to Harlequin,

And that he may not for a lover repine

Yon old man's daughter shall be his Columbine.
And yon old man must change, and soon
Appear as tottering, pottering Pantaloon.
Johnny Green, on whose misdeeds all frown,
Must make amends as jolly Clown.
Hey, Presto change !"

Then they all change their dresses quickly, and she runs off, followed by the cat. Then all dance, and Clown and Pantaloon see Harlequin and Columbine and try to catch them, but they run under their arms and escape, and Clown and Pantaloon knock together and fall down. Then Pantaloon calls Clown to pick him up. He comes and picks him up, then jumps on his back and drives him off. Then the music changes and Dame Trot enters, followed by the cat, which she pets, and it frisks around her and she laughs, and then goes off, followed by the cat. Then the Harlequin enters and dances a little, and then he puts her off. Then he stands aside, and Clown runs in, and Harlequin hits him on the back, and he turns and hits the Pantaloon a slap in the face. He says: "What's that for?" Clown says: "You hit me behind my back." Pantaloon says: "No, I didn't." Clown says: "Oh, I saw you do it. Look out, here's somebody coming." Then a man enters with a tray with a large pie dish with a paper crust made over it. He has a large paper, with the words, "Mutton-pies" cut out. Clown and Pantaloon ask him how he sells them. He puts the sign up against the sheet, and holds up two fingers. Clown says: "What, two shillings?" Man nods yes, and Clown takes the pie, and tells the Pantaloon to pay for it. Pantaloon puts his hand in his pocket and gives the man money, and the man goes off. Then Harlequin moves the sign and puts another one with the words "Cat-pie" cut out in the same place. Then Clown and Pantaloon say: "Let's sit down and eat our nice mutton-pie." They sit down and put the pie between them, and say: "How shall we cut it, we have no knife?" Pantaloon says: "Excuse yourself, and use your fingers," and as they go to break and raise up the pie-crust, a large cat jumps out and runs off. They both fall over at back, then get up and see the sign and throw the dish and the sign off after the cat, and Clown says: "I don't want any pie." Pantaloon says: "More do I." Clown says: "Look out! here comes the pie-man. You go away; I want to lick him for swindling me." Pantaloon runs off, and the pie-man comes on, and the Clown says: "Here, give me my money back—you've swindled me. I'll have you arrested for putting live cats in your mutton-pies." The pie-man says: "It's no such thing; you've eaten the pie and now want your money back." Clown says: "Give me the money or I'll lock you up," and pie-man says: "I won't do it." Clown then seizes him by one end of his neck-tie, and pulls it and says: "Come along and be arrested." Clown pulls and the pie-man turns, and the neck-tie unwinds about five or six yards. Then the pie-man runs off, and Clown laughs and begins to put the neck-tie in his pocket. Then Pantaloon comes in on the other side, and pulls the neck-tie

through his pockets and folds it up. Clown watches the neck-tie go through, then he turns quickly and sees Pantaloon with it, and he takes it from him and slaps him in the face with it, and as Pantaloon turns, Clown pushes him behind with his foot, and Pantaloon stumbles off, and Clown follows him laughing. Then Harlequin and Columbine enter, and after dancing a little they run off. Then Pantaloon enters, and when he gets to center Clown runs in and he jumps over the Pantaloon's head, and turns and kicks him in the head and he falls. Clown picks him up, and says: "Look out, here's somebody coming!" when a boy enters with a bundle. Clown goes to him and takes it from him, and says: "All right, Bob, it's mine." Boy cries, and goes to side, and says: "I'll go and tell my father," and he runs off. Clown and Pantaloon both laugh, and say: "Let's sit down and see what's in it." They both sit down in center and put the bundle between them, and are about to open it, when the boy comes back, and seeing them, he beckons and a man comes on with a gun; boy points to Clown, and says: "There they are," and he runs off. The man comes up to Clown and Pantaloon and points the gun at Clown's head, and he looks up and, seeing it, throws the bundle to Pantaloon and says: "You may have it," and he runs off. Then the Pantaloon laughs and takes the bundle, and is going to undo it, when the man points the gun at him, and he looks at it and runs off. Then the man puts his gun down and laughs, and sits down and tries to undo the bundle, when Clown pops his head in on one side, and says: "All right, I know," and goes in and picks up the gun, and points the gun at man, who drops the bundle and trembles very violently, and is going to run, when the Clown calls out, "Come back!" and the man comes back, and falls on his knees and begs for his life. Clown says: "Take off your hat." The man hesitates, and Clown points the gun at him, and he takes it off quick, then tries to go, but Clown makes him come back, and says: "Take off your coat." The man hesitates, and Clown points gun at him, and says: "Off with it." and the man takes it off, and puts it down by the hat. Then Clown says: "Take off your vest;" man takes it off and puts it with the other things. Clown says: "Take off your pantaloons." The man hesitates. Clown says: "Take 'em off." The man goes to unbutton them, and Clown laughs. The man looks at him, and runs off quick. Clown laughs, puts the coat and hat on, and calls Pantaloon on, who is surprised at him, then laughs and picks up the bundle, and as they are going, the man comes on with a policeman, and he points to Clown and Pantaloon, and he goes off. Then the policeman goes to them and seizes them, and they are very frightened, and he drags them along, and when nearly to the side, they trip up the policeman and he falls, and they run off, and the policeman gets up and runs after them. Then Clown and Pantaloon run in and jump over the light. Then the policeman runs in and jumps over the light. Then Clown comes running in, and knocks against a lady, who is carrying a baby. She screams and he apologizes, and asks her to let him mind the baby while she goes out

shopping. She consents and gives him the baby, and she goes off. Then Clown nurses the baby, and Pantaloon enters, and seeing him with the baby, he laughs, and says: "Is that yours?" Clown says: "Yes; I just bought it for three cents." Pantaloon says: "Let me kiss it for its mother." Clown holds up the baby and he kisses it, and the child begins to cry. Clown says: "Now you've made it cry." Pantaloon says: "I didn't; it wants something to eat," and he runs off and fetches on a bowl of sawdust and a spoon, and gives them to Clown, and he feeds the baby. Then hits the baby with the spoon, and Pantaloon takes the bowl and spoon off, and Clown tries to pacify the child, then punches its head and shakes it, then puts it on the floor and sits on it. Then its mother enters and screams, and Clown gets up and lifts up the baby and tries to run off with it, but the mother seizes it, and she and the Clown struggle for the possession of the child. As they are pulling, the dress of the child comes off in the hands of the mother and the naked baby in the hands of the Clown, and they both fall down backwards. Then Clown gets up, shows the baby, holds it to him to cover it up, and runs off, and the mother gets up, and screaming very loudly, she runs after him. Then he runs across the other way, and mother after him, and screaming. Then Clown runs in from the other side, and stops in center out of breath; then fans himself. Then the mother runs in and snatches the baby from Clown; then she seizes him by the collar, and drags him off, and screams the whole time. Then Harlequin and Columbine enter and dance a little, and then run off. Then Clown and Pantaloon enter together dancing, or rather burlesquing the dance of Harlequin and Columbine. Then they stop, and Clown says: "Somebody coming." Then a wood-sawyer crosses with his buck and saw. Clown steals the saw and hits the Pantaloon on the head with it. He says: "I saw you." Clown says: "Look out." Then a man with a wooden leg enters and begs some money of Clown, who says, "We have none," and the wooden-leg man kicks him with it. Then the Clown and Pantaloon seize him and saw his wooden leg off, and make him hop home without his leg; the man calls police, and a policeman runs in, and the Clown stabs him with the wooden-leg, and he staggers and falls off at the side. Then they throw the leg off and dance around as if triumphant. Then a woman enters with a basket, and a sign with the word "Eggs" cut out. Clown stops her, and bows very extravagantly, and says: "How do you sell your eggs?" She holds up her hand with three fingers showing. Clown says: "Three for ten cents, all right; let's look at them." She puts down her basket, and while the Pantaloon is talking to her, the Clown steals three eggs and puts them in his pocket, and says to her: "We don't want any this morning, because we've had our breakfast, but call to-morrow." He helps lift her basket up and she takes it off. Then Clown and Pantaloon laugh, and Pantaloon laughs at Clown as he is sucking the eggs. Then Pantaloon goes off, and when Clown has sucked the last egg he rubs his stomach, and says he feels good, and walks about. Then Harlequin runs in and

waves his bat near the Clown's stomach; he stops, and motions severe pain. Then straightens up and laughs, and says the pain is gone. Then the Harlequin waves his bat near the Clown's stomach, and runs off. The Clown makes motion of violent and severe pain, and walks about, the pain almost bending him double. Then he stamps his feet, and calls for the Pantaloon, who runs in and asks what is the matter. Clown says: "Oh, oh, my! the eggs have hatched; run for a doctor!" Pantaloon runs off and brings on a chair and a doctor; they sit Clown down in the chair, and the Pantaloon holds him down, and has the duck ready to be pulled by the doctor, as if it came from the Clown's mouth. Then the doctor rolls up his sleeves and looks down the Clown's throat, and makes the deception by the shadow as if he was feeling down the Clown's throat; then when he pulls his arm up again he pulls the duck from the side of Clown's head from the Pantaloon, and in the shadow it will have the appearance of being pulled from the Clown's mouth. Then the doctor holds it up in triumph, and the Clown looks at it in astonishment. Then the doctor lets the duck walk about the floor, and he and the Pantaloon go off to get a drink. The Clown laughs at the duck waddling, and he imitates it; then frightens it off; then is going to put the chair off, when he feels bad again, and runs around in pain; then calls out, and Pantaloon runs in again and looks down his throat, and sits him in the chair, and goes for the doctor, who goes through the same action as before, and this time he pulls out a chicken, and throws it up and lets it fly. Clown feels better, and they are going off, when he is taken bad again and calls them back. They enter, and are going to sit him down again, but he says: "Wait a minute;" he makes the action of taking a big swallow, then he laughs, and says: "Never mind, it has gone the other way." Then the doctor asks for his pay, and the Clown puts his finger to his nose and runs off, followed by the doctor and the Pantaloon. Then the Clown enters to run across again, when an old woman, with a basket of fish on her head, is entering, when the Clown knocks his head in her stomach, and she falls backwards and throws the fish and fish-basket, and it falls on the Pantaloon as he is entering behind Clown. Then the old woman gets up and wants her basket, and the Clown helps to put her basket on her head, but as he does so he steals all the fish. Then the woman goes off with the basket on her head and calling out "fish!" Clown and Pantaloon both laugh at her, and then Pantaloon says: "Let's divide them," and they both sit down with the fish in between them, and the Clown takes up one very small fish, and says: "There's one for you," and gives it to Pantaloon, then he takes up the largest one and puts it on his own side, and says: "There's one for me—there's no cheating when you count them this way." Then he takes up another small one and gives it to the Pantaloon, and says: "There's two for you," and then he takes up two of the large ones, and says: "And here's two for me too." Then the Pantaloon objects, and the Clown says: "Oh, why don't you go to school and learn arithmetic?" and he

counts them over again in the same way. While he is doing so, the old fish-woman enters with a policeman, and she goes off, and the policeman goes and stands in between them. Pantaloon says: "I know it's not fair, you've taken all the largest ones." Clown says: "Well, all the largest ones are mine, because I stole them;" then he looks round and sees the policeman and gets very frightened, and Pantaloon says: "No you didn't steal them, it was I stole them." Clown says: "Of course you stole them, and you can have them all," and he runs off. Then Pantaloon picks them up, and as he gets them all in his arms and is going off, then he turns and sees the policeman; he drops the fish and says: "I don't want them," and runs off. The policeman laughs at them, and picks up the biggest fish and looks at it admiringly, when the Clown looks in and says: "Ah, I'll tell your sergeant!" and the policeman drops the fish and shakes his club at the Clown, who goes off. Then the policeman looks round, then picks up the fish and puts it up his coat at back, and buttons his coat in front, then shakes his staff and runs off. Then Clown and the pantaloon run in and laugh, and are picking up the fish, when the policeman enters and seizes them to arrest them, when they trip him up and he falls, and they steal his club and beat him very unmercifully on the head; then as he gets up they seize him on each side by the coat-collar and coat-tails and throw him over the light, and they rejoice in their triumph and walk off arm-in-arm. Then the Harlequin and Columbine enter, and dance across. Then Dame Trot enters with a string of small fish in her hand. She is followed by the cat, who tries to jump for the fish, but she raises them out of her reach, and stops and speaks:

"Here, my cat, are fish that are nice,
Which I will give you if you catch me some mice."

She walks off, and the cat follows her and tries to get the fish. Then Clown and Pantaloon run in and laugh. Then Harlequin enters and slaps Clown on the back with his wand. Clown slaps Pantaloon in the face for it, and tells him to stop. Pantaloon says: "I done nothing." Clown says: "Well, don't do it again." Then Harlequin hits Pantaloon, and he hits the Clown and knocks him down. Clown asks what he done it for. Pantaloon says: "You better stop your fooling with me." Clown says: "I done nothing to you." Then Harlequin waves his bat between their legs, and slaps them on the calves with it, and they look down to see who done it, and the Harlequin slaps them both on the back, and they turn and see him, and run off and get a pistol, and snap off the caps, like firing the pistol at him, but he, to avoid it, jumps over the light, and a fat man coming in just then, he is supposed to get shot, and he falls down, and they raise him up and ask him where he is shot; he says in his stomach. Pantaloon gets a chair, and they put the fat man in it, and he twists about and groans in pain. Then a carpenter crosses the stage with his tool-box in his hand, from which the Clown steals an auger, a mallet and a pair

of tongs, and puts them by the fat man, who is still groaning. Then a baker crosses with his tray on his head with a long twist loaf on it, which the Clown steals, and the baker goes off. Then the Clown asks the man where he was shot, and he points to his stomach; the clown gets the auger and is going to bore into the fat man's stomach, but he jumps up and tries to stop him, when Pantaloon seizes him and holds him down. Then Clown sticks the auger in his stomach, and he commences turning it around as if he was boring into him. The fat man squirms around. Then Clown pulls the auger out, and feels in the opening of his vest for the ball with the tongs, but cannot find it. Then he rolls up his sleeve, and feels in between the fat man's vest and pulls out the large ball, and all are astonished. The fat man wants to get up, but Clown calls out, "Hold him down, he's not cured yet." Then he shows the twist loaf, and measures the depth of the man through his stomach, and breaks a piece of the loaf off; then puts the small end in the opening of the man's vest, and then gets the mallet and drives it in the vest, and he buttons it over the loaf, and the man feels better, and gets up and feels all right—shakes hands with them and goes off. Then Clown and Pantaloon both laugh at him, and throw the things off. Then a tinman comes on with his furnace and two soldering-irons in it; he comes on calling out, "Any old tin-ware to mend!" The Clown and Pantaloon get on each side of him, and say: "How do you do, tinker?" He puts down the furnace, and takes his soldering-irons in each hand, and as they offer to shake hands with him, he puts the hot irons in their hands, and they call out with pain, and seize him and pitch him over the light, and burn him with the irons as he goes. Then both laugh, and by mistake put the irons in their pockets and burn themselves. Then a lame man with two crutches comes in and says: "Please give a poor cripple a penny." They laugh at him, and burn him with the hot irons. He drops his crutches and runs off. They each drop their iron and pick up a crutch, and use it as if they were lame, when the crippled man enters and he picks up the irons and burns them both until they run off, and he follows, waving the irons in triumph, and runs off. Then Harlequin and Columbine enter, and Old Dame Trot and the cat. She beckons Harlequin and Columbine, and she joins their hands and speaks:

"Your course is o'er—the race of fun—
These constant lovers have most nobly won.
Ere to our fairy realms we take our flight
I bid to each and all a fair good night,
And may the genial glow of virtue cheer
Your happy firesides in the coming year."

And they all run off, and as Clown and Pantaloon enters to follow them, an ugly demon jumps in and stops them. He has a large wooden pitchfork in his hand, and as Clown and Pantaloon come near him he gives them a push with the pitchfork and sends them over the light. Then the tinker, then the cripple, then the policeman, then

the fish-woman, then the Clown enters behind the demon as he is laughing, and Clown steals the pitchfork from the demon, and with it throws him over the light. Then the Clown waves the pitchfork in triumph and follows him.

Properties required.—A cauldron, or three-legged iron pot: three crooked witch-sticks; three small paper packages; large book; large bag stuffed with straw; two short sticks; Harlequin's bat; a large pie with a cat inside it; a tray; a sign with the letters cut out, "Mutton pies;" a sign, "Cat pies;" a bundle; a gun; policeman's club; a baby; a bowl of sawdust and a spoon; a wooden leg; a saw; a basket with a sign, "Eggs;" three blown eggs; a live duck and a chicken; a basket of fish, some small and a large one; string of small fish; pistol, with a cap on, but no load; chair; large ball three inches in diameter; a carpenter's box, with an auger, tongs and mallet in it; a baker's tray, with a long twist loaf in it; a tinker's furnace and two soldering-irons; a pair of crutches; a wooden pitchfork and a demon's mask.

**RETURN
TO →**

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1

2

3

HOME USE

4

5

6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405

6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk

Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

FEB 28 1981 28

Returned by

FEB 6 1981

~~Santa Cruz Jilney~~

REC. CIR. FEB 10 '81

Gaylord

PAMPHLET BINDER

Syracuse, N. Y.

Stockton, Calif.

